The Raymond Rustler

A PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RAYMOND

VOL. 8 | RAYMOND, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1910 | NO. 116

RAYMOND'S FAIR AND RACES
September 19, 20, and 21, 1910

Southern Alberta's Greatest Agricultural and Stock Shows

Greatest District Exhibit Ever Held West of Winnipeg

A BABY FOR A PIG

An incident that occurred a few days ago a few miles north of the city has aroused indignation on the part of the neighbors of a heartless wretch of a man. He comes from a benighted section of a somewhat misgoverned European country, The other day his wife gave birth to twins. He was greatly offended at the dual arrival, and with the consent of his wife, arranged with a fellow countryman to make a trade, giving one of the babies for a young pig. The deal was actually consummated, to the great distress of the mother. A man of authority stepped in. restored the child to its mother, and admistered a lecture to the brutal husband, whose dense preceptions of what constitutes ordinary humanity were apparently but slightly aroused. The case would almost seem to be calling for the offices of the deportation officials. This is one of the unfortunate instances where the strict divorce laws of the land prevent a decent woman separating herself legally from something resembling in appearance a human being.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Special Notice

There will only be one day for enteries at the fair viz: Monday Sept. 19th. and they close at 7 P. M. sharp and will not be opened to accomidate anybody. Keep in mind the day and hour of closing September 19th, at 7 P. M.

The judging will commence at 9 oclock on the 20th and be completed before anyone will be admitted to the building, hense the necessity of keeping the fact ever before you that all enteries will positively close on the 19th at 7 P. M.

A GOOD POSITION Can be had by ambitious young men and ladies in the field of "Wireless" or Railway telegraphy, Since the 8 hour law became effective, and since the Wireless companies are establishing stations throughout the country there is a shortage of telegraphers. Positions pay beginners from $70 to $90 per month with good chance of advancement. The National Telegraph Institute operates six official institutes th America under supervision of R. R. and Wireless Official and places all graduates into positions. It will pay you to write them for full details at Devenport, Ia., Cincinnati, O., Portland, Ore., or Memphis, Tenn

A. R. & I. Time Table

Going East		Going West	
Passenger,	Mixed,	Passenger,	Mixed
1.25	9.45	8.35	5.55

Mormons Out After Converts

George H. Ransom and George O. Wall, two of the 2065 missionaries who are now out in the interest of the Morman church, arrived in the city last night and will spend a week in the vicinity of the city making a house to house canvass and distributing their tracts and selling books which describe the work of their church.

These two young men have been in Hampden and Berkshire countries since the 1st of July, and have covered all of Berkshire except the the section near this city. They have visited every family in the rural distrtcts that they have been able to find. The thickly settled cities and towns they will visit next winter. Next summer they, or other missionaries will go over the same ground again, and the following year the ground will be covered again, by which time they hope that the church will have received some converts.

It is the custom of the church to send out annually a thousand missionaries who work steadily for two years. There are 2000 in all half of the number being retired annually and an equal number stepping into their places. These young people, most of them are under 30 years of age, get no salary and pay all of their own expenses for the time that they are out and expect no other reward than to be honorably discharged by their church when their time is up. The men who are working here say that the fact that 90 per cent of the members of the Mormon church own their own homes makes it possible for them to put by the money to go out on this work.

Mr. Ransom and Mr. Wall are both married men but they have not brought their wives with them on this trip. It might be stated that each of them has but one wife They say that the impression is very widespread that the chief thing a Mormon man thinks about is having a lot of wives, which, of course, is very untrue.

Mr. Ransom's home is in Utah but Mr. Wall is from Alberta, in the Canadian Northwest where there is a flourishing Morman colony. They were working in Briggsville today. They say that in many places they have had difficulty in finding places to stop as church members have declined to admit them to their homes. They have always found someone, however, who would give them board and lodging.

These two men are just on the beginning of their two years' service. Mr. Ransome having been East since January and Mr Wall since April.

—North Adams Transcript.

HAROLD NELSON

Harold Nelson is no stranger in Nelson and it must frankly be confessed that "Pierre of the Plains" is easily his master-piece. The adaption of Sir Gilbert Parker's creation was worthily presented by Mr. Nelson last evening at the opera house to a crowded critical and delighted Audience, the theatre being filled to its utmost capacity.

The play is modern in construction and deals with Canadian western life the scenes depicted being familiar and easily understood here "Pierre", the French-Canadian, stands out conspicuously throughout the play. He is a Breed, distrusted and disliked, and forced to live in loneliness by his wits as a gambler. His love for "Jen" the daughter of a road house settler, [illegible] and the end is a happy one for all concerned. The play contains plenty of wholesome humor, and as "Pierre" Mr. Nelson scored a veritable triumph in which Canada and all Canadians have a share. Including Miss Grace Johnson, the leading lady. the company last night gave excellent support, and the whole play ran smoothly and well, the intire interest of the audience being maintained throughout.

Mr. Nelson never appeared in Nelson as successfully as he unquestionably did last evening.

Nelson News.

New Westminister Columbian—It is too bad that Manager Harry Tidy was not fortunate enough to secure the Harold Nelson company earlier in the season, for last night the house was entirely unworthy of the production of "Pierre of the Plains" which is one of the best, if not the best, of the shows that have been seen in the opera house for many months.

The acting of Harold Nelson who protrayed the part of a French halfbreed, who, although educated, and in every sense of the term a strong man, had been kept below his proper sphere in life by race prejudice and unfortunate parentage, was splendid. He did not overdo his dialect, but his costume was a little unusual for the Canadian prairie, where the scenes were supposed to take place.

How Pierre masterd seemingly insurmountable obstacles and killed several men to help the girl he loved was told in the play without the audience being aware that anything [illegible] which is in itself a feat to be proud of.

The other star of the play, Miss Grace Johnson, who acted the part of the heroine who found that she loved the right man at the right time, acted well a difficult part and won rounds of applause by her artfully simple efforts. She forebore from hysterics' which should win her lasting fame in an age of dramatic shrieks and sobs.

Altogether the show was remarkably good and those who were unfortunate enough to be absent probably missed the best show of the season.

RAYMOND'S FAIR AND RACES

The Agricultural Fair at Raymond to be held Sept. 19th, 20th and 21 promises to be the best Agricultural Fair and stock show ever given in the Southern part of this great Province.

We are safe in saying that the exhibit as a district exhibit will be the best ever made in the west.

Everybody seems to sense the responsibility and the spirit of Fair and races is in the air.

The exhibit hall is being remodled and will present picturesque scene on the morning of the opening, as every department will be made an item of interest which will make an impression on the visitor. [illegible] are being erected to accomidate the horses that will be entered in competition, which will add much to the comfort of the animals and a great deal to the appearance of the exhibition.

The Knight Sugar Company have under construction stall accomodations for their exhibit of live stock, which will be double benefit viz; furnishing ample room for their own stock and thereby by making room in the society's stables for the stock of other people

New cattle correls for bunches are being erected at the south of the enclosure, which will add much to the stock show.

The officials have decided to have but one enterance to the grounds which will greatly decrease the work during the exhibition. The south gate will be closed up and a new gate on the west side opened where all rigs and foot passengers will be admitted. A fence will be built along the south side of the track so as to keep rigs and people off the track and the trees will be fenced on the east side to protect them from the animals that may be turned loose at any time. A fence will be built from the end of the grand stand to the east fence of the park, which will completely fence the track from the rest of the grounds.

It is said that the track was never in as good a condition and work is still being done on it with a hope of having it in perfect condition for the races.

The Hotel has had every room engaged and preparations are bemade to accomidate the visitors at private houses and in other blocks in the business part of town.

All the stables of any size in and near the business part of town have been engaged for the accomidation of horses that are expected here during the fair.

The poultry department has bright prospects of being a first class show, more letters have been received during the past week or ten days enquiring about the poultry show than ever before. The directors are brim full of poultry talk and every day their excitement grows more intense.

There will be on exhibition just as good cattle as can be found in the Dominion of Canada and a variety that will satisfy the most exacting spectator.

Department A— Horses will have on exhibition animals from most of the surrounding towns and promise to be second to none in the south.

From the eagerness manifest by the ladies in their demand for prize list we are of the opinion that every lady of handicraft ability has in store a list of enteries to swell the exhibit to greater proportions than in former years.

We are happy to know that the little tots have been engaged in the manufacture of articles and the growing of vegetables, the dressing of dolls etc for months past which will add much to the interest of the visitors at the fair. t

All one needs to do is to look at the prizes and then get busy, for an honest effort put forth now may bring you a handsome prize for a few moments of your valuable time. Out prizes are above the average and pay one fairwell for their time

What can you do to assist this to be a great success? Com mence get down to thinking, for surely you can enter something i some class or section which if it does not bring you back a silver dollar will add much to the look of that department. s

Every exhibit helps the fair, every fair helps the people and what we want is exhibits and a great many of them. Come prepared to make an enury and remember that all enteries close at 7 P. M. Monday Septemper 19th. There will be two full days of Fair and races with other sports and attractions. A big time is in store for the people. and your efforts will help make it a bigger time.

THE SEASON'S EVENT

RAYMOND OPERA HOUSE

To-Night & To-Morrow Night

Thurs. & Fri. Sept. 15 & 16

G. G. Garrette Presents Canada's Foremost Actor

HAROLD NELSON

and associate players in "Pierre of the Plains" & "The Wolf"

Admission 35, 50, 75, & $1.

A Husband by Proxy

By JACK STEELE

(Copyright, 1909, by Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.)

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued)

A Man in the Case

THE box had been opened and two cigars had been so loaded with poison that when he bit off one, at the end, to light it up, he got the deadly stuff on his tongue—and was almost instantly stricken.

Despite the dimness of the light in the room Dorothy's face showed very white.

She asked: "What kind of poison?"

He mentioned the drug.

"Not the kind used by photographers?" she asked in affright.

"Precisely. Foster, then, is a photographier!"

"He used to be, but—— Oh, I don't see how he—it's terrible! It's terrible!"

She arose and crossed the room in agitation, then presently returned.

"Your suspicions may be wrong," said Garrison, who divined she had something on her mind. "Why not tell me all about it, and let me assist, if I can? What sort of a looking man is Foster?"

"Rather small, and nearly always smiling. But he may not have done it! He may be innocent! Is only you could help me now!" she said. "I don't believe he could have done it!"

"But you half suspect it was he?"

"I've been afraid of it all along," she said, in an outburst of confession. "Before I even knew that Uncle John was—murdered—before you told me, I mean—I felt afraid that something of the kind might have happened, and since that hour I've been nearly distracted by my thoughts!"

"Let's take it slowly," said Garrison, in his soothing way. "I imagine there has been either anger or hatred, spite or jalpue on the part of your stepbrother, Foster, towards John Hardy in the past."

"Yes — everything! Uncle John spoiled Foster at first, but when he found the boy was gambling on Wall Street, he cut him off and refused to supply him the means to pay off the debts he had contracted. Foster threatened at the time.

"The breach grew wider. Uncle didn't know he was married to Alice. Foster wouldn't let me tell. He had used up nearly all of Alice's money. She refused to mortgage any more, after I took the necklaces, on a loan—and if Foster doesn't get ten thousand dollars in August I don't know what he'll do!"

Garrison was following the threads of this quickly delivered narrative as best he might. It revealed a great deal, but not all.

"I see," he commented quietly. "But how could Foster hope to profit by the death of Mr. Hardy?"

Dorothy turned very white again.

"He knew of the will."

"The will that was drawn in your favor?"

"Yes."

"And he thought that you were married, since the conditions of the will had been fulfilled?"

Dorothy nodded assent.

Garrison's impulse was to push a point in personal affairs and ask if she had really married some Fairfax, not yet upon the scene. But he adhered strictly to business.

"And you fear is that Foster, aware that you would become your uncle's heir, may have hastened your uncle's end, in the hope that he would come in for the property you would liquidate his debts?"

Dorothy nodded again.

She said: "It is terrible! Do you see the slightest ray of hope?"

Garrison ignored the query for a moment.

"Where is Foster now?"

"No one knows—he seems to have run away—that's one of the worst things about it."

"But you came over here to warn him," said Garrison.

Dorothy flushed.

"That was my impulse, I admit, when you told me about the cigars. I hardly knew what else I could do."

"You are very fond of Foster?"

"I am very fond of Alice."

Garrison was glad. He could even have been jealous of a brother.

"But how could Foster have tampered with your cigars?" he inquired. "Was he up there at Hickwood when you left them?"

"He was there all the time of uncle's visit, in hiding, and even on the night of his death," she confessed in a whisper. "Alice doesn't know of this, but he admitted it all to me."

"This is what you have been trying to conceal from me all the time," Garrison observed. "Do the Robinsons have their suspicions?"

"I can't be certain. Perhaps they have. Theodore has exercised a very bad influence on Foster's life. He intimated once to me that perhaps Uncle John had been murdered."

Garrison thought for a moment.

"It is almost impossible for anyone to have had that suspicion who had no guilty knowledge," he said. "Theodore was, and is, capable of any crime. If he knew about the will and believed you had not fulfilled the conditions, by marrying, he would have had all the motive in the world to commit the crime himself."

"But," said Dorothy, "he knew nothing of the will, as I told you before."

"And he with an influence over Foster, who did know all about the will?"

Dorothy changed color at once, she was startled.

"I never thought of that," she admitted. "Foster might have told."

"There's a great deal to clear up in a case like this," said Garrison, "even when suspicions point the course. I think I can land Mr. Theodore on the things he attempted on me, but not just yet. He may prove himself a little more. Besides, our alleged marriage will hardly bear a close investigation."

For the moment Dorothy was more concerned by his personal danger than by anything concerning the case.

"You told me a little of what was attempted in the park," she said. "I've thought about it ever since—such a terrible attack! If anything dreadful should happen to you——"

She broke off suddenly, turned crimson to her hair, and dropped her gaze from his face.

In that moment he resisted the greatest temptation of his life—the impulse to sink at her feet on his knees, and tell her of his love. He knew she felt, as he did, the wondrous attraction between them; he knew that to her, as to himself, the impression was strong that they had known each other always; but hired as he had been to conduct an affair in which it had been particularly stipulated there was to be no sentiment, or, even the slightest thought of a development, he throttled his passion and held himself in check.

"Some guardian angel must have hovered near," was all he permitted himself to reply, but she fathomed the depth of his meaning.

"I hope some good spirit may continue to be helpful—for us both," she said. "What are you going to do next?"

"Take you back to New York," said Garrison. "I must have you near. But, while I think of it, please answer one thing more. How did it happen that your uncle's life was insured for that [illegible] when he died?"

"Garrison merely waited long enough to make Dorothy propose that she would take a rest without delay, and then sent himself to a hotel restaurant, near by in Fifth Avenue, devoured a most substantial meal, and was five minutes late at his office.

Tuttle had not yet appeared. The hall before the door was deserted. The sign on his glass had been finished.

Garrison went in. There were letters all over the floor, together with Dorothy's duplicate telegram, a number of cards, and some advertising circulars. One of the cards bore the name of one J. P. Wilder, and the legend, "Representing the New York Evening Star." There was nothing, however, in all the stuff that appeared to be important.

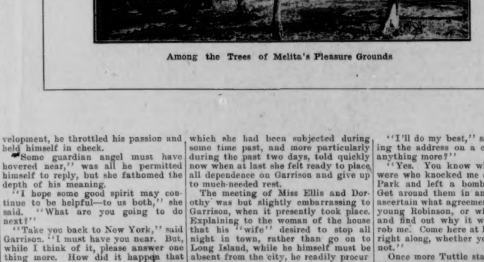
Garrison read the various letters nastily, till he came to one from the insurance company, his employers, requesting haste in the matter of the Hardy case, and reminding him that he had reported once resided, and to which it had long been his wont to return as often as once a month, seemed to Garrison imperative at this juncture.

He meant to see Tuttle at six, and start for the country in the evening.

He outlined his plan to Dorothy, acquainting her with the fact that he had captured Theodore's spy, from whom he hoped for news.

By the time they came to the house near Washington Square, Dorothy was all but asleep from exhaustion. The strain, both physical and mental, to which she had been subjected during some time past, and more particularly during the past two days, told quickly now when at last she felt ready to place all dependence on Garrison and give up to much-needed rest.

The meeting of Miss Ellis and Dorothy was but slightly embarrassing to Garrison, when it presently took place. Explaining to the woman of the house that his "wife" desired to stop all night in town, rather than go on to Long Island, while he himself must be absent from the city, he readily secured accommodations without exciting the [illegible] of the [illegible].



Among the Trees of Melita's Pleasure Grounds

"You haven't seen Theodore?"

"No. He left about five this afternoon. The old man and his wife are stopping in Sixty-fifth Street, where they used to live some months ago."

"What did you report about me?"

"Nothing except I hadn't seen you again," said Tuttle. "The old man leaves it all to him. He didn't seem to care where you had gone."

Garrison pondered the matter carefully. He made almost nothing out of Theodore's departure from the scene. It might mean much or little. That Theodore had something up his sleeve he entertained no doubt.

"It's important to find out where he has gone," he said. "See old Robinson again. Tell him you have vital information on a special point that Theodore instructed you to deliver to no one but himself, and the old man may tell you where you should go. I am going out of town tonight. Leave your address in case I wish to write."

"I'll do my best," said Tuttle, writing the address on a card. "Is there anything more?"

"Yes. You know who the two men were who knocked me down in Central Park and left a bomb in my pocket. Get around them in any way you can, ascertain what agreement they had with young Robinson, or what instructions, and find out why it was they did not rob me. Come here at least once a day, right along, whether you find me in or not."

Once more Tuttle stated he would do his best. He left and [illegible] presently locked up his office and departed from the building.

He was no more than out on the street than he came upon Theodore's tracks in a most unexpected direction. A newsboy came by, loudly calling out his wares. An Evening Star, beneath his arm, stared at Garrison with type a full three inches high with this announcement:

MYSTERY OF MURDER AND A WILL !!

John Hardy May Have Been Slain! Beautiful Beneficiary Married Just in Time!

Garrison bought the paper.

With excitement and chagrin in all his being he glanced through the story of himself and Dorothy—all that young Robinson could possibly know, or guess, dished up with all the sensational garnishments of which the New York yellow press is capable.

Sick and indignant with the know-

A Healthful Summer Resort at Melita

CHAPTER XXIV

A New Alarm

Without, for a moment, comprehending the drift of Dorothy's fears, Garrison led her to a parlor of the house, looking at her in a manner so fixed that she realized their troubles were not confined to the loss of her certificate.

"What do you think? What do you fear? There isn't anything else!" she said, as he stood there dumb for a moment. "What shall we do?"

"Theodore threatened that something might occur," he said. "He has evidently done his worst, all at once."

"Why—but I thought perhaps my certificate was stolen here," whispered Dorothy in agitation. "How could Theodore——"

"No one in this house could have known you had such a document about you," interrupted Garrison. "While you were drugged, or chloroformed, in the Robinsons' house, the old woman doubtless searched you thoroughly. You told me your certificate was sewed inside——"

"Inside—yes, inside," she interrupted. "I thought it was safe, for they put a bandage in its place, and they might not have thought of anything wrong if I had not discovered a black thread at the head of the white silk I had been so careful to employ."

"This is ample proof that Theodore has still a hold to good advantage," he said. "Your marriage-certificate episode is only a part of what he has achieved. This paper contains all the story—suggesting that your uncle may have been murdered, and telling the conditions of the will."

He held up the paper before her startled eyes, and saw the look of alarm that came upon her.

"Printed—in the paper!" she exclaimed in consternation and utter dismay. "Why, how could such a thing happen!"

She took the paper and scanned the story hurriedly, making exclamations as she read.

(To be continued).

A NEW ELEMENT IN WAR

(From the London Daily Mail)

FOR some time past those who have been in touch with the progress of airmanship have been trying to impress upon the British government the importance of seriously considering the new problems that will be introduced into military operations by the coming of the dirigible and the aeroplane.

It is only two years ago that the total sum of money voted by Parliament for the whole of the aerial operations of the British army, including balloons, and experiments with aeroplanes, was under £10,000, whereas two years ago Germany, the most scientific and most highly organized military Power in Europe, was spending upwards of £500,000 a year and France over £200,000. With our customary insular disdain of all scientific inventions and ignorances of all things appertaining to other nations, both the government and the people of this country were quite content to see the Continental Powers forging ahead in airmanship, merely contenting themselves with the reflection that, after all, the British Fleet is still in existence, and [illegible] of airships was not [illegible] As a matter of fact, the time has now arrived when serious national attention must be given to this subject, and it is quite true that £100,000 has been voted by parliament this year for airmanship where in connection with the Army (£71,000) and Navy (£35,000) this is a much smaller amount than that voted by any of the great European Powers. On the other hand, there is no reason why we should not be as open to attack by France, Germany, Austria, or Italy, each of whom is spending more than we are on flying machines. The one security for ages past against invasion—will shortly cease to be a natural defence, and as an island so close to the Continent as our own, only twenty miles dividing Dover from Cape Gris-Nez, it may be said that we shall have to consider that a frontier exists not only with France, but Germany, Belgium and Holland. Certainly we are near enough to make attacks by means of aerial machines from those countries not only possible, but probable, in the next war, should any of them be engaged against us.

"If Zeroff," she said, "something terrible has happened. When I got up, half an hour ago to dress—my wedding certificate was gone!"

Great Britain has two actually constructed and two which are in process of construction. As regards aeroplanes for military use the number in Germany is not accurately known, but France has about twenty, Italy six, and the United States two.

Supposing London were attacked at the opening of a great war and the government offices, stock exchange, chief banks, railway stations, and means of communication were wrecked, such a blow at the very heart of the Empire would be like paralyzing the nerves of a strong man with a soporific before he had to fight for his life. The muscular force would remain, but the brains would be powerless to direct. Without easy communication by rail, road, or wire, and with a financial panic, Great Britain would fall an easy prey to the enemy. Nor can mobile artillery be said to give any security against such a raid, for the speed of aerial vessels already precludes the swiftest motor car from following them effectively, even if the motor is unencumbered with guns and is merely a racing car; but to think of rushing a gun through a 2-inch shell, or even a shell of 1-inch diameter, at high speeds along our twisting highways on a motor car is the height of impractical.

It is therefore clear that the policy of our country should be that of building both military and naval dirigibles and aeroplanes of its own. The aerial section of the Royal Engineers and the Royal Navy should be at once enlarged and re-inforced by the addition of extra men and material.

To come to practical suggestions, there is no doubt, for instance, that the possession of, say, one hundred Farman or Short-Wright biplanes would add materially to the efficiency of an army in the field, for these would be able to give accurate information to its commander as to the enemy's movements.

As to attack, it could be made by means of both dirigibles and aeroplanes upon a sleeping camp or an enemy landing on a shore or across the open country. Explosive bombs dropped from a height of [illegible] feet [illegible] uncanniness and tend to demoralize an army both by night and day. Proximity to home would give our military forces a great advantage as against an attacking force.

Of course, no one who has studied the subject pretends that the military dirigibles or aeroplanes will at once revolutionize war, either by land or sea, but the progress in airmanship will very shortly modify the tactics of commanders of armies and make war more terrible in every sense. Hitherto soldiers necessarily had to the one side or the sides have felt at least the sky above safe, except from dropping shells. But in the future attacks may proceed not only from a horizontal direction but from overhead, and the eyes of the soldiers, instead of being directed only towards the horizon, will have also to be directed upwards.

The most important effect upon this country will be the coming decrease of the advantages which we now derive from our insular position. We have, however, be some years yet before navies are useless and arms of no avail. The development will be gradual, but the domination of the air will supersede the domination of the sea in order of importance, and it will go hard with the nation which now prides itself on sea supremacy if it relies on battleships alone.

THE BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE!

Veterans in Canada are Organizing National Association

Throughout Central and Western Canada it is estimated that there are fully four to five thousand ex-soldiers—veterans of Britain's and Canada's wars. In order to reach this great body of men the aid of this paper has been asked, so that everyone who has ever served Great Britain or its Colonies may know of the proposed formation of a National Veterans' Association, and that all veterans are eligible to join free of all charge whatsoever. This proposed organization is entirely independent of, but expect to work in harmony with any existing local veterans' organizations.

Elaborate preparations are to be made for a Grand Re-union in a year or two when the organization will be completed. Some of the best and most prominent men in the West are supporting this movement and a full list of veterans will be published later on.

Anyone knowing any ex-soldiers or veterans are requested to ask them to send their name and full address, (as well as the corps served with) to the Secretary, Organization Committee Veteran's Brigade, 187 Walnut street, Winnipeg.

A large number of names are already on record, the list of Roll of Honor, among them being relatives of the Crimea, Indian Mutiny, Frontier Wars, Zulu and Egyptian Campaigns, Persian Raids of 1860 and 1870, Wolseley Expedition, Nile Voyageurs, British Colonial Wars, North-West Rebellion of 1885, etc., etc.

If you have ever been in regular or active service send in your name now. The secretary, who is acting pro-tem. for the purposes of organization, is Mr. John Hooper, who is the first promoter of the proposed Veterans' Corps, and now engaged in writing a book on the Rebellion.

KING BROS.

Special Fall Opening

Our Stock for Fall and Winter is now complete.

We shall be showing at the Fair the finest assortment of Ladies and Gentlemens Coats & Furs ever shown in Raymond. They were purchased before the great rise in prices of furs, with the result that they are about 50 per cent lower than if purchased later.

We have a larger stock this season of reliable goods on than ever before. We can show you the latest cloths and colors from 30c yd double width.

Our stock of G. A. Slaters Invictus shoes is complete, and smarter lasts have never been seen.

Be sure and see King Bros. stall at the Fair.

Local and General News Items

Band Practise Saturday night.

Call at Davies for fall millinery

See the M. I. A. ad on page 8.

It's a little chilly these mornings isn't it.

Remember the Big Show on Monday Night.

Mr. J. W. Vance was in town on Saturday last.

Mr. J. F. Johnson was visiting in town last week.

Mr J. B. Ririe of Magrath was in town on Satuaday.

Mr. W. N. Scott left last week for Rexburg Idaho.

An extra page of "Husband by Proxy" in this issue.

[illegible]

The ball game to be held on Tuesday was postponed until Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Johnson have returned to Raymond to spend the winter.

Special Band Practise on Saturday Night, all band members are requested to be present.

The Great Musical Competition which is to be held on Tuesday night promises to be the best yet.

The articles entered in Competition for prizes must be product of the exhibitor and of year 1910.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Anderson Jr., left on Tuesday for Toronto, where Mr. Anderson will attend College.

Dr. Newcomb was tried before a body of about 50 women on Tuesday morning and the verdict was. 'Not Guilty."

Wanted.— Every man woman and child to have entries at the Fair as this Fair is to be the best Fair West of Winnipeg.

By the appearance of the Fair Grounds with it's workmen, Jockeys etc one would imagine that the World's Fair was to be here soon.

Mrs C. Schmid was taken ill in the beginning of last week and has been successfully operated for an ab cess last Saturday by Dr. Wray and Dr. Keillor, she is reported to be doing well.

More life is displayed among the musical talent of Raymond this year than has prevailed for a long time. Glees, Quartetts. Duetts, Solos, and every thing that can be thougat of is being prepared for the Big Fairs which are to be held this month,

Rates will be given from all points on A. R, & I. Co. Line to Raymond on 20th&21st of Sept. and the West-bound train will be held at Raymond until 6.30 P. M. on Sept 21st for the accomidation of visitors from Cardston, Magrath and other points West.

Hunting prohibited on all lands belonging to:—Knight Sugar Co. Ltd., W. H. McIntyre. Brimhall Bros. Wm. A. Redd.

S. W. ¼ 2-7-21 for sale, would like to receive offers. For information write;

Box 254, Lethbridge Alta.

Comfortable Board and Lodgings can be found for two respectable young men. Terms $15 per month. Apply to C. R. Rustler Office.

A GOOD POSITION Can be had by ambitious young men and ladies in the field of "Wireless" or Railway telegraphy. Since the 8 hour law became effective, and since the Wireless companies are establishing stations throughout the country there is a shortage of telegraphers. Positions pay beginners from $70 to $90 per month with good chance of advancement. The National Telegraph Institute operates six official institutes in America, under supervision of R. R. and WirelessOfficial and places all graduates into positions. It will pay you to write them for full details at Devenport, Ia., Cincinnati, O., Portland, Ore., or Memphis, Tenn.

Subscribe to the Rustler

RAYMOND'S MUSICAL COMPETITION

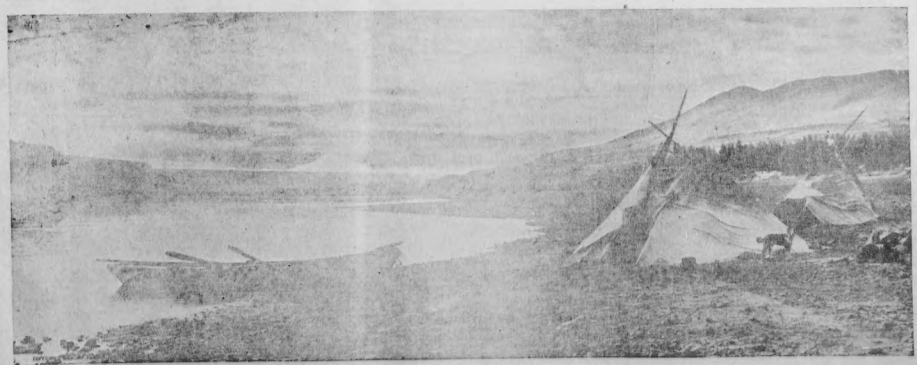
Monday September 19th 1910 Browns Moving Pictures and First Class Musical Program by Local and Imported Talent.

Tuesday September 20th 1910 Musical contest as advertised, with Professor Harper of Lethbridge as the Adjudicator.

The prizes are worth contesting for and the event promises to be first class,

Wednesday September 21st 1910 Band Contest will take place at the Fair Grounds, Victoria Park.

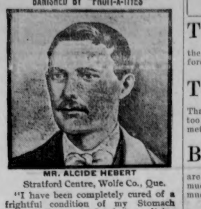
Character Ball in the Opera House at Night.



Scene from the 3rd Act of HAROLD NELSON'S GREAT Canadian Play, at Opera House To-Night

STOMACH MISERY

BANISHED BY "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



MR. ALCIDE HEBERT

Stratford Centre, Wolfe Co., Que.

"I have been completely cured of a frightful condition of my Stomach through the wonderful fruit medicine 'Fruit-a-tives'. I could not eat anything but what I suffered awful pain from indigestion.

My head ached incessantly.

I did so try 'Fruit-a-tives' and sent for six boxes. Now I am entirely well, can eat any ordinary food and never have a Headache."

ALCIDE HEBERT.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial box, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

THE WEIGHT OF ONE-DOLLAR BILLS

MOST persons would be surprised to learn that one-dollar bills are worth almost their weight in gold.

A twenty-dollar gold piece weighs five hundred and forty grains. Twenty-seven crisp, new one-dollar bills, fresh from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, weigh the same as the gold piece.

Bills that have been in use have been tested, and it has been found that it took but twenty-six of them to balance the gold piece. It follows, of course, that the used bills gather an accumulation of various matter, in passing from hand to hand, that causes them to take on additional weight equal to about that of one new bill.

POWDERING MILK BY COMPRESSION

PROCESSES for reducing milk to the form of a powder, or for compressing it into tablets, have led to an increasing use of milk in these forms. Powdered or compressed milk is not only employed for provisioning ships and for transportation to distant places, but for the use of bakers and confectioners.

In France in one process the milk is forced, under pressure of 250 atmospheres, through a tube one-tenth of a millimetre in diameter, into a closed chamber heated to 167 degrees Fahrenheit by a current of warm air. The rapid expansion of the milk in entering the chamber turns it into a cloud of vapor, the water is carried off by a current of air, and the solid parts of the

Will clean them off in a mild and pleasant manner. Removes any soft bunch or bony growth, such as bunches, bunch, spavin, ringbone and thoroughpin. Kills pain and takes out soreness and inflammation from backache, neuralgia, aches or lameness. Will tell you more if you write. Book 4 R free. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 210 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

LYMAN, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.
Also furnished by MARTIN DOLE & WILDE Co., Winnipeg; THE NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL Co., Winnipeg & Calgary; and HEISKELL Smith Co., Ltd., Vancouver.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

RUSSELL

AUTOMOBILES

WE HAVE SECOND-HAND CARS ALSO MOTOR SUNDRIES

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO.
144 Princess St., Winnipeg

NUGGETS OF KNOWLEDGE

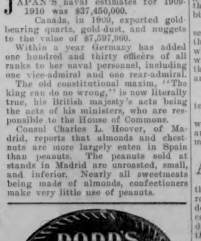
JAPAN'S naval estimates for 1909-1910 was $37,450,000.

Canada, in 1909, exported gold bearing quartz, gold dust, and nuggets to the value of $7,597,960.

Within a year Germany has added one hundred and thirty officers of all ranks to her naval personnel, including one vice-admiral and one rear-admiral.

The old constitutional maxim, "The king can do no wrong," is now literally true, his British majesty's acts being the acts of his ministers, who are responsible to the House of Commons.

Consul Charles L. Hoover, of Madrid, reports that almonds and chestnuts are more largely eaten in Spain than peanuts. The peanuts sold at stands in Madrid are unroasted, small, and inferior. Nearly all sweetmeats being made of almonds, confectioners make very little use of peanuts.



Storyettes

THE former head of the American nation, on a splendid charger, was presented to the Emperor. Then the manoeuvres began." (Roosevelt before the German troops.)

* * *

THE Absent-minded Professor—"My tailor has put one button too many on my vest. I must cut it off. That's funny; now there's a buttonhole too many. What's the use of arithmetic?"

* * *

BELLE—"But do you think you and he are suited to each other?"

Nell—"Oh, perfectly! Our tastes are quite similar. I don't care very much for him, and he doesn't care very much for me.

* * *

YES," said Mrs. Torkins, "I am sure we were there for no dishonest purposes why were you in your stockinged feet?"

Prisoner—"I 'eard there was sickness in the family."

* * *

TO his teacher's request that he give the class ideas on the subject of "Bravery," little Johnny delivered himself of the following:

"Some boys is brave because they always plays with little boys, and some boys is brave because their legs is too short to run away, but most boys is brave because somebody's lookin'."

* * *

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, the poet, was entertaining a group of magazine editors at luncheon in New York.

To a compliment upon his fame Mr. Le Gallienne said lightly:

"Hint value is poetical fame in this age of prose! Only yesterday a schoolboy came and asked me for my autograph. I assented willingly. And today at breakfast time, the boy again presented himself.

"'Will you give me your autograph, sir?' he said.

"'But,' said I, 'I gave you my autograph yesterday.'

"'I swopped that and a dollar,' he answered, 'for the autograph of Jim Jeffries.'"

* * *

SHE was a dear old lady, but she lived at Hardscrabble, and was a bit behind the times. She had been reading the advertisements in a city newspaper chance had brought her way.

"Father," she asked her husband, "what is these here negligee shirts they talk about?"

Father, being a man, was equal to the occasion.

"You know what they be?" he replied. "Well, we'll send you one."

Mother, being a woman, knew. "Hezekiah," she said, "a negligee shirt is a soft-bosomed shirt—I mean a regular hard-bosomed shirt. A negligee shirt is something you might call a soft-bosomed shirt."

* * *

MR. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry in the Department of Agriculture, Washington, has interpreted many laws affecting pure foods and drugs, and has some of his opinions overruled by the Department of Justice and the President.

He was discussing one day when he said:

"The matter of interpreting laws is much like the story of the little boy who was told by his teacher to read something from a primer. The boy read as follows:

"'This is a warm doughnut. Step on it.'

"'Why, Johnny,' said the teacher, 'that can't be right. Let me see your book.'

"'This is the sentence she found:

"'This is a worm. Do not step on it.'

* * *

A MINISTER living in an Aberdeenshire coast town had preached a sermon which a shipper, one of his parishioners, who traded to London, thought very like the one which he had read to his family the Sunday before from a volume of sermons which he had purchased in London.

On the following Sunday he, with two brother shippers, took the book to church to ascertain the correctness of the suspicion. The minister in due time gave out a text which, true enough, the shipper found in the index of his book and pointed out to his friends.

The minister then proceeded with the sermon, and looked for word with the sermon book for a sentence or two, which greatly excited the skipper, who, with a crony on each side, kept tracing the words in his book after the minister, and saying:

"See till him; see till him!"

The minister, who used himself to tell the story, said:

"I looked down and saw what they were at, so I turned over two leaves at once, an' they never cippit sant upon my tail after that."

* * *

A WASHINGTON dentist praised enthusiastically the respect paid to the memory of Horace Wells by the French government. It has erected recently a statute of Wells in the Place des Etats Unis, Paris, and the unveiling ceremonies in March was attended by distinguished scientists from all over the world.

"Professor Wells," said the dentist, "was born in Hartford in 1815. He was a pioneer in the use of nitrous oxide gas in dental operations to prevent pain, and for his discoveries in anesthesia he may be regarded as a benefactor of mankind.

"Wells has been dead fifty years, and France is the first—a tardy first—to acknowledge the importance of his discovery and raise a tribute to his almost forgotten memory. This case reminds me of a conversation between a little boy and his father.

"'Why are statues erected to famous men, father?' said the child.

"'So that they may become known, dear,' was the answer."

MAY I see my father's record?" asked the new student. "He was in the class of '77."

"Certainly, my boy. What for?"

"He told me when I left home not to disgrace him, sir, and I wish to see just how far I can go."

* * *

THE telephone call of a suite of apartments in a ladies' boarding house is 1200.

One young lady, a recent comer, answered the call, and was astonished to hear a man's voice inquire hurriedly, "Is this one nine o?"

When she could catch her breath, the lady, who was a very proper young lady, replied, "I think not. Were we ever introduced."

* * *

THEY numbered four. They absolutely exuded prosperity. The things which they ordered were such as to fill with envy the breast of the man at the next table, engaged in consuming the most modest fare disclosed by the bill of fare. The four were conversing —languid, plutocratic conversation. After a while it turned to the question of money. Evidently they wanted to do something. "Let's marry and have it! One of the four took out his pocketbook and counted up a roll of bills. "Oh, I have $145," he said carelessly. The second and third members of the party went through their pockets. "I have $215," remarked one. "And I have $300," said the other. The fourth waved his hand—grandly. "Never mind, you fellows," he said, "I'll lend you all you want." Tenderly the waiters bore the man at the next table out into the cold air. He will recover.

NOTES FROM A SCIENCE SCRAP BOOK

A TYPEWRITER was patented in England as early as 1714.

The United States leads the world in the production of resin and turpentine.

Paris has sixty-two electric street-car lines, carrying one hundred and ninety million passengers a year.

It takes five years of hard usage to wear away a modern wooden pavement one inch.

The mines of Belgium yielded eleven million five hundred and fifty-nine thousand seven hundred and forty-five tons of coal the first six months of last year.

Nearly seven million pounds of sugar beet seed are used in the United States every year.

Greece has so little coal that practically all of its electric power is derived from waterfalls.

On an average it requires about two productive acres of land to support each inhabitant of a country.

Work is under way on the first locomotive ever built in Chile, the first of an order of five for the Government.

A magnetized ten-cent tack-hammer was used by a St. Louis doctor to draw a steel splinter from a patient's eye.

A wire rack for carrying papers, cigars, or other small articles in the bat has been invented by a Philadelphian.

A ozone-producing electric fan, now being made in Vienna, utilizes Dr. Franz Fischer's novel discovery that when air is much heated and then suddenly cooled ozone is produced. A compact machine, 25 inches high, is driven by an electric motor, and sucks the air and sends it through a kind of funnel to a Nernst radiator, giving a heat of two thousand degrees F. The heated current is cooled by mixing with the air into which it is then forced. Of the oxygen passed through about 1 per cent. is ozonized, and this proportion cannot be exceeded, so there is no risk of an excessive production of ozone. A single piece of apparatus, weighing not more than thirty pounds, and needing but a small amount of power, is sufficient to purify the air of a large hall.

The downpour of rain that sometimes follows a flash of lightning is usually supposed to be due to the cold essence of fine drops on losing their electrical charge, but Laise, a Finnish observer, has found reason to adopt a new theory. He concludes that the thunder jars the drops together. "Near Vasa, a heavy thunder-storm came up from the east late one August afternoon, and, as the sun was unclouded, a brilliant double rainbow appeared in the east for half an hour, arching from horizon to horizon. At each roll of thunder the rainbows seemed to be much shaken, the edges being displaced and the colors blurred. This could not be due to the lightning, and it seemed that the same cause might enlarge the raindrops and disturb the rainbow."

The first sun picture was taken by Mr. Thomas Wedgewood in the year 1795. It represents a Savoyard piper.

In 1540 a gold watch was made for the Sultan of Turkey, which was five inches in diameter, and cost more than six thousand dollars.

BENZOL FOR AUTOMOBILES

IN Great Britain and Germany benzol is being more and more extensively used in place of gasoline for the driving of automobile motors. This substance is an impure benzine, a by-product of coal distillation containing eighty-four per cent. benzine, fifteen per cent. toluene, and one per cent. xylol. It is now chiefly used in the carburation of illuminating gas, for mixture with alcohol as motor fuel in explosion motors, in the chemical industries of the benzine derivatives, and in the india-rubber industry.

The greater part of benzol is a by-product of the manufacture of metallurgic coke, but it may be obtained from any coke oven, and the production may easily be doubled or trebled if the demand increases. Its volatility and composition being somewhat different from those of gasoline and denatured alcohol, motors in which it is used require adjustment, but hardly more than is necessary in passing from one brand of gasoline to another.

Of the one thousand four hundred and sixty-seven foreigners at the colleges of the United States, four hundred and sixty hail from North America, four hundred and fifty-eight from Asia, three hundred and thirteen from Europe, and one hundred and fifty-four from South America, sixty-four from Australia and eighteen from Africa.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c At Your Druggists. Write For Eye Book Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Toronto

The Horseman

George Steinel of New Jersey undoubtedly the most promising trotter in Baldo (2), 2:22¼, now four years old, by Bingara. It is said that Baldo stepped quarters now in 31 seconds very easily. Mr. Stengel has entered Baldo in the "Tavern Stake" at Cleveland and the "Speedway Stake" at Empire City track. Three years hence Mr. Stengel is liable to be driver by a winner of his own breeding, sired by Cochato (3), 2:11½; dam Bush, 2:09½, by Alcyone, 2:07.

Grexford Girl, 2:15¼, a consistent race mare on the half-mile tracks of Central New York a few years ago, recently foaled a fine chestnut colt that was sired by Miniver and will be bred to him again. The get of Miniver are all an exceptionally high-class lot of individuals and all show early speed. He is by Expedition, 2:15¾, out of Minna Wilkes dam of Reina, 2:08½, Mustard, 2:08½, and Minter, 2:14¾, by George Wilkes, 2:22, now owned by Dr. Fauner of Beres, Ohio.

The good brood mare Pleasant Maid, owned by Shoemaker Winslow of Waterdrou, Mich., has just foaled a fine filly by Oliver Prince. Pleasant Maid is the dam of Don V., 2:09½, trial 2:07¼, one of the consistent three-year-old pacers of 1909, and also of Advance and Maud V., two very promising pacers that have been miles in 2:13½ and 2:22 respectively. The produce of this mare all possess early speed and she will, in a few years establish quite a reputation through her offspring.

Sister Florentine, 2:16¾, by Constantine, 2:12½, purchased by R. J. Mackenzie and extensively entered in all of the rich early closing events down the Grand Circuit, failed on her initial start of the present season (Brandon, Man.) to show the class expected of her, as after connecting with the first heat of her race, she was finally given the flag in the fifth round. She is supposed to have been a mile in 2:06¾ in 1909, but to judge by her recent performance, she was evidently off form on this occasion.

Among the list of southern fairs and race meetings that provide well for the light harness horse none are better or more favorably known than the associations at Greensboro and Salisbury, N.C. Both of these places will have high-class meetings this fall and their northern towns are unavailable. An innovation, at least for half mile tracks, is provided in the cause of the conditions offering $25 to winning drivers in each stake. T. M. Arrasmith of Hillsboro, N.C., is acting as race secretary of both meetings.

* * *

One of the large sources of expense with a campaigning stable is the freight bill, and the railway charges are out of all proportion to the service given. The officials know that horsemen have to go to the next meeting on the route and they have to take whatever accommodation they can get and pay whatever they are charged. For instance, a stallion is charged on the majority of railroads at the same rate as a carload of 20,000 pounds. This is on the presumption that the stallion is worth more than the mare or gelding, which often not two fairs in the route asks. Low Dillon with Dillon will travel at the lower rate. The system is wrong.

C. M. Fleicher, secretary of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breed and Shippers, has taken up the subject with the various traffic associations and will endeavor to get a concession of a half rate to all state and interstate fairs. The railroads cannot discriminate between fairs and the same race associations, and therefore if the concession is made the horses which go through over trotting circuits will be entitled to the concession.

Special trains from one meeting to the next with accommodations for the horses, attendants, trainers and owners would be appreciated, and should pay the railroad companies. The destruction of racing would mean to the railroads the loss of enormous revenue. They should, therefore, cater to the race tracks for two reasons. The transportation of the horses is valuable and then in addition there is the vast multitude that go to the races.

Half rates for horses and the same fare for passengers would about fill the bill, and in the long run the railroads would be the winners. Nothing can be done without co-operation and organization and secretaries of circuits should unite to see what they can do and use their utmost efforts to not only help the horseman but also themselves by getting reduced rates for both horses and the public.

* * *

The three stakes opened by the London, Ont., Association for their meeting next week have closed with a splendid list of entries. The 2:50 pace for $500 has 12 entries, the 2:22 trot for $500 has 12, while the 2:12 pace for $1,000 has 13. The latter list is composed of Flying Jib, Molly S., 2:12¼; Ideal, 2:12¼; Jan Bar, 2:13¼; Red Barney, 2:13¼; Wee Ann, 2:13¼; Wild Hunter, 2:11½; Grand Opera, 2:12¼; Tom Dillard and Reuben, 2:12¼. A number of class races have been opened for $400 purses in which the liberal entrance fee of 2½ per cent. is made.

The chestnut colt called King Ideal, sired by The Beau Ideal, 2:13½, dam Birthday, 2:23¾, by Acton, 2:18¼, second dam Lady Hoad, 2:21¼, by Ambassador, 2:21¼, now 18 months old, trotted on May 5 a full quarter in 42 seconds, last eighth in 21½ seconds, and the last 10th in nine seconds, driven by Ray Moore over the track at North Randall, O. This colt has been weaned just six months and, of course, has been educated some time. He is extremely handsome, a pure-gaited trotter, and stands 15 hands high. King Ideal is owned by John H. Amnack of Cleveland, O., and few breeders have produced one having more developed antecedents than this one has.

The first of the trotters named in the M. & M. and other big early-closing events to make a start in public is the bay gelding County Jumper, that started in and won the class for 2:30 trotters at Baltimore. The M. & M. candidate had 12 competitors in his maiden race and defeated them cleverly in three straight heats in 2:23¼, 2:23¼ and 2:20¼, a really creditable performance for the month of May and over a half-mile track. County Jumper is a well-bred fellow, his sire being The Cascade, 2:18¾, son of Guy Wilkes, 2:15¼, and his dam is Kate C., by Abdallah Wilkes, son of George Wilkes. Whether or not his early start on this campaign will improve his chances for winning his big engagements later on will not be known until the test comes, two months hence.

TO REDUCE FAT

IN the treatment of obesity a strict attention is required to the food taken by the person affected. Toast should be eaten, and fruits, asparagus, cabbage, cucumbers and salads are all useful. For liquids, seltzer water, fruit syrups, white wine and cider are all good.

Potatoes, carrots, rice, confectionery, butter, fats, beer, red wine, milk, coffee, tea, chocolate, cocoa and spirituous drinks are all avoided. The treatment must necessarily vary in its details according to the persons affected, but (says the "Family Doctor") we would advise those who desire to reduce themselves in weight, and to get rid of their superfluous fat, to eat frequently, but little at a time, and never drink at meals.

If these people take, in four or five repasts, or even more, the same quantity of meat that they have been accustomed to eat in two or three, the result is certain to be a diminution of weight. Heavy meals have a tendency to induce fat, while light meals tend to the reverse.

Your Druggist Will Tell You Murine Eye Remedy Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and Sells for 50c. Try Murine for Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

OUTDOOR SPORT AND ZAM-BUK

Every athlete, every ball-player, every swimmer, every canoeist, every man or woman who loves outdoor life and exercise, should keep a box of Zam-Buk handy.

Zam-Buk is a purely herbal preparation, which, as soon as applied to cuts, bruises, burns, sprains, blisters, etc., sets up healing, beneficial processes. First, its antiseptic properties render the wound free from all danger from blood poisoning. Next, its soothing properties relieve and ease the pain. Then its rich, herbal balms penetrate the tissue, and set up the wonderful process of healing. Barbed wire scratches, insect stings, skin diseases, such as eczema, heat rashes, ring-worm, babies' heat sores, chafed places, sore feet—all come within Zam-Buk's power. It also eases and cures piles. All druggists and stores. Avoid imitations.

* * *

his early start on his campaign will improve his chances for winning his big engagements later on will not be known until the test comes, two months hence.

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

Sackett Plaster Board

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION No. 35

The Biter Bit

"Please help a blind man," said a fellow with green goggles, as he held a tin cup toward the line of people leaving from the Union Depot.

"I always help the blind," said one of two young men who were passing, and he stopped and took out a five-dollar bill; "can you get a quarter out of this?"

"I guess so," said the blind man, fishing out a handful of change and counting out four dollars and seventy-five cents.

"Well, John," said the benevolent young man's companion, as they walkwed on, "you're a bigger fool than I took you to be."

"Am I?" said John.

"Yes, you are; that fellow's no more blind than I am. How could he tell that was a five-dollar bill?"

"Blamed if I know," said John, innocently; "out he must be mighty near-sighted not to see that it was a counterfeit."

There are none so blind as those who will not see.

How frequently a man, who asks for a certain brand of cigar, will take just what is handed him, without insisting on the smoke of his choice. And how frequently his easy-going indifference results in his being handed a counterfeit—a cigar which has no claim to quality of any kind but cheapness of manufacture.

It's different with a BUCK-EYE smoker.

He knows what he wants, and he sees that he gets it.

You ask why?

Try a BUCK-EYE and you'll know.

P.S.--Ask for the best Ten Cent Cigar in the case, and get a BUCK-EYE.

A Husband by Proxy

(Continued)

CHAPTER XXIV.

THROUGH ... said Garrison, ... of view, and with all ... picious consequence ... is a master-stroke. ... ion exceedingly ...

"But how could he ... all these things?" ... "How could he know?"

"He guessed very ... he has doubtless ... brother's all that ... know."

"What ... hopelessly. "We can't prove anything —just now—and what will happen, when the will comes up for probate?"

"I'll hand him in prison, if he doesn't pull out of it now," said Garrison, aggered as ... cleverness ... publicity given to this ... carried it all with a mighty high hand, asserted all fear to mar the business into court. ... He has stirred up a fight that I don't propose to let ... that has defied all the red ... of my behalf."

"But—but shall we do? All the newspapers will be full of this ... case and ... everyone concerned! ... my name and ..."

"No matter! ... fact leaks out ... anyone ... knew ... mouth ... must shut it once, and change your name, letting ... no one but me know where you are."

She looked at him blankly. "Alone? Can't you help me, Jerold?"

"It is ... to ... to hasten up country now than it was before," he answered. "I must work night and day to clear things up about the murder."

"But—but ... you ... me?"

"He'll be obliged to take his medicine—otherwise suspicion might possibly rest upon you."

"Good Heavens!"

She was very pale.

"This is ... stated everything," he added. "Already it contains a hint that you and your husband are the ones who benefit most by the ... murder of John Hardy."

She sank ... chair and leaned ... him helplessly.

"I suppose ... to ... don't know anything ... How long ... do you think ... way?" ... is quite impossible ... I shall return ... permit. I'll write ... can."

"I shall need some things from the house," she said. "I have absolutely nothing here."

"Buy what you need, and ... doors as much as you can," he instructed. "Don't come with the ... the house on Ninety-third Street, hoping to see us return."

"It's terrible!" said Dorothy, ... heard of my will!"

Garrison looked at her with frank adoration.

"Whatever the outcome, I shall always be glad," he said—"glad of the day you decided to ... glad of the chance it has given me to prove my—prove my—friendship."

"I'll try to be worthy of your confidence," she answered, ... with an answering glance in which the love-light could easily be read. "My bride must ... it will end."

"And ... marriage-certificate—" he started when the door-bell rang, interrupting.

In fear of being overheard by the landlady, already ... Garrison halted, to ... later the door was ... of the house herself, and a freshly-groomed, mouth-shaven young man ... ushered in. The latter ... one in the house ... use.

"Excuse me," said the landlady sweetly. "Someone ... Dorothy Had Garrison, after ... what awwardly near the door, with his hat in his hand. The landlady's ... ing made her excuses for such ... trusion, disappeared to summon Miss Ellis.

Garrison was annoyed. There was nothing to do but to stand there in embarrassing silence. Then Miss Ellis ... shyly in by the door, dressed ... ingly that it seemed not at all unlikely she had hoped for the coming of a visitor.

"Oh, Mr. Hunter, I'm ... sant surprise!" ... interrupted, in immediate agitation. "Goodnight—I'll have to go in."

She ... the door ... Dorothy, ... New York Star."

Prepared to bow and let it go at that, Garrison started, ever so slightly, on learning the visitor's connection. Mr. Hunter, on his part, meeting strangers unexpectedly, appeared to be ... and quite conventional, but ... his ears, which were strung to ... highest whisper of news, at the mention of the Fairfax name.

"Not the Fairfax of the Hardy case?" he said the moment intent ... on nothing so moving as a possible service to his paper. "Of course you've seen——"

Garrison sat down on the copy of the Star which Dorothy had left in a chair. He deftly tucked it up beneath his coat.

"No, oh, no, certainly not," he said, and pulling out his watch, he added to Dorothy, "I shall have to be going. Put on your hat and come out for a two-minute walk."

Then, to the others:

"Sorry to have to run off in this uncomplimentary fashion, but I trust we shall meet again."

Hunter felt by instinct that this was the man of all men with whom he ought, in all duty, to see. He could not insist upon his calling in such a situation, however, and Garrison and Dorothy, bowing as they passed, were presently out in the hall with the parlor door closed behind them. In half a minute more they were out upon the street.

"You'll be obliged to find other apartments at once," he said. "You'd better not even go back to pay the bill. I'll send the woman a couple of dollars ... and ... Tax somewhere, concerning whom something must be hidden.

"I'll attend to the business of the will, even the vengeance ... he would wreak on Theodore, ... into significance in the light of his personal worry. There was only one thing worth while, and that was love.

He was rapidly approaching a frame of mind in which no sacrifice would be too great to be made, could he only be certain of winning Dorothy, heart-free, for his own.

More than an hour he sat thinking, in the car, oblivious to the flight of time, or to the towns through which he was passing. He gave it up at last and, taking from his pocket a book he employed for memoranda, studied certain items ... supplied by Dorothy, concerning her uncle and his ways of life. There were names on this friend's and his enemies among the scribbled lists, together with descriptive bits concerning Hardy personally.

Marking down additional suggestions and otherwise planning his work to be done at Rockdale, Garrison reflected there was little apparent hope of clearing young Durgin of suspicion, unless the real murderer should supply the clew. Dorothy had stated that her Uncle John ... long had some particularly bitter ... against young Durgin, a man known to herself, from whom she believed Mr. Hardy might have been fleeing, from ... to time, in the trips which had become the habit of his life.

... sight ... constant moving from place to place had been the bane of his existence ... was theory that Dorothy had ... Ted, Jerold's son, for, for all she knew, it might have been young Foster Durgin whom her uncle was trying to avoid.

... train connection for Rockdale was ... tedious time. What with a long wait at the junction and a long delay ... at a way station farther out, it was nearly one o'clock when at length his destination was reached and Garrison, with his steel-trap suit-case in hand, found his way to a second-rate hotel, where, to his great relief, the beds were far better than they looked.

ANNUAL PARADE OF WINNIPEG CADETS AT HAPPYLAND

He had taken the precaution to register as Henry Hilborn, realizing that Hardy's doubtless ... acquaintances of Hardy's who would probably read the published story of his death in their own local papers in the morning. He wrote at once to Dorothy, under the name of Miss Rook, apprising her of the latter's new name and his address.

In the morning he was early at his work. Representing himself as nothing more than the agent of the New York Insurance Company, for which he was in fact conducting his various investigations, at least in part, he rapidly searched out one after another of the persons whose names Dorothy had supplied, but all to little purpose.

He found the town very much alive indeed to the news which the Star had announced to the world. Hardy had been a well-known figure off and on, for many years, in Rockdale, and the names of the Durgins and of Dorothy were barely less familiar.

Garrison's difficulty was not that the people talked too little, but rather that they talked too much, and said almost nothing to the purpose. Nor trivialities were exceedingly abundant.

He worked all day with no results or consequence, save ... that everyone ... had been supplied by Dorothy had, in turn, furnished more names by the dozen—names ... Garrison or that Uncle John Hardy better than the proverbial brother, if possible; nevertheless, one after the other ... revealed itself the ignorance of any vital facts that Garrison could use.

On the following day he learned that Paul Durgin, the nephew credited with having claimed the body of the murdered man, had been ... out on a farm, amassing a fortune rearing ducks.

Hiring a team, Garrison drove to Durgin's farm, finding ... man in the centre of a busy expanse of duck-pens, ... ponds, ... the houses, and ... barnlarly white and waterless, were greeting their master with acclaim.

Garrison's first sight of the duck midst ... to see his visitor. He was a large, lazy-turn being, ... thrifty, strong, and independent, ... his suspicions as to ... than a trifle ... different as for the final disposal of John Hardy's fortune. ...

Garrison, at last, found him hard to handle. He had not yet read the papers. He knew nothing at all of what was being said; and how that he heard it at last, from Garrison's lips, he scarcely did more than nod his head.

Garrison was annoyed. He determined on authorizing the duck-farmer before ... unless the task should prove hopeless.

"Mr. Durgin," he said, "the reasons for supposing that Hardy was murdered ... poisoning ... are more convincing than anyone ... and suspicion points particularly at a person in whom you may and may not be interested—your younger brother, Foster Durgin."

A curious ... appearance ... crept ... to the smooth ... of the farmer's face. ... duck man. He was not in the least an emotionless clod; he was not even cold or indifferent, but silent, slow at giving expression ... anything but ... decided business ... method.

He looked at Garrison steadily, but with dumb ... in his eyes. The blow had gone home with a force that made Garrison sorry.

"How could that be?" the man inquired, "even ... Foster ... wild!"

(To be continued)

THOUSANDS SPENT ON FLORAL WREATHS

It is stated that over $250,000 was paid to Covent Garden, chief ... flowers to be made into wreaths for Queen Victoria's funeral. It is safe to say that ... sum has been more than doubled in the purchase of floral ... that of our late King. ... the many ... there ... the Sultan of Zanzibar, which was 14ft. by 7ft. and contained over 500 chosen flowers ... of the Emperor of Japan, which measured 5½ft. in diameter—cost considerably over $500 alone.

Flowers have played an important part in the world's history.

In many ... they ... what a place they take—the rose standing for England, the thistle representing Scotland, and the shamrock Ireland.

For a flower the late Count de Chambord lost France. There came a moment when the throne was offered "King" Henry. But he must accept, with the sceptre and the gilded chair, the tri-colored flag. Another man would have taken the bauble and the seat, the crown and all its troubles; but Henri Cinq was of that sort—a pretender. "Either I have the lilies and the white flag, or I remain an exile," he said, and with that he crushed all the hopes of the Bourbons.

It was with a white rose that Queen Victoria closed and won Prince Albert. "I gave him a flower," she writes in her diary. "It was a white rose." As the monarch of a great country, she could receive no unusual ... from a prince of a small state, and still she gave him the rose he could not aspire to her hand. With what delicacy he received it is told in the story of his life.

Flowers have played a great part in politics. There were the Wars of the Roses—red and white; and Lord Beaconsfield's flower, the primrose, has a political devotion ... Primrose ...

A fight took place in Maine not many years ago over an artificial forget-me-not. A gentleman sent it to a damsel whom he knew and it fell into the hands of the elder brother of the lady. There was nothing to the letter that contained the flower to indicate why it was forwarded, not a word of all the epistle alluded to it, but the brother challenged the sender. Each fired at the same moment, both fell dead, and so the quarrel ... knows why the artificial forget-me-not was sent.

TEDDY BOY, BLUE

After Eugene Field

The little ... Cannon is covered with blue

But sturdy and staunch he stands.
The G. O. P. elephant, red with fright,
Is routed ... the field of fight.
Time was when the little "czar" Cannon could do,
And the others ... guessing for,
And that was the time that Teddy knew
He could leave them safely there.

"Now you be good till I come," he said,

"And, 'Billy,' don't make any noise,"
And softly away to the nursery he crept.
He dreamed of his nice little lover,
And as he was dreaming a horrid song
Came ... the Speaker's ... chair.
Oh, the year was strenuous, the year was long.

For the boy ... friends so true!

And longing for Teddy they anxiously stand,
Each in his trembling place,
Awaiting the ... of the strong right hand,
The xlcious smile of his face—
And they wonder ... waiting the long days through

In the dusk of their turmoil and care,
What ... the world will do ... Teddy do
With his toys ones so nice and rare!

WATCH MARVELS

WE hear much from time to time of the wonders of this or that complicated and intricate machine, but there are few pieces of machinery more marvellous than that of the common watch.

A watch, it may be stated as a general proposition, is the smallest, most delicate, and complicated of the same number of parts that has ever been devised. About 125 different pieces of material ... to ... and ... and approximately ... 2,400 separate operations are employed in its manufacture.

Each of the latter is examined with ... its performance are well-nigh incredible when considered as a whole. ... blacksmith strikes several hundred blows on his anvil in a day, and, as a matter of course, is glad when Saturday comes; but the roller jewel of a watch makes every day—and day by day—432,000 revolutions against the fork, or 157,680,000 blows during the course of a year, without stop or rest—some 3,153,600,000 during the space of twenty years, the period for which a watch is usually guaranteed to keep going.

But the wonder of it does not cease here. It has been calculated that the power that moves the watch is sufficient to only four times the force used in Sir John Sam ... but more than doubled in the purchase of floral ... that of our late King. ... the many ... there ... therefore, ... watch might be termed the equivalent of four ... power.

Again, the little balance-wheel of a watch is moved by this four-fold power one and forty-three ... hundredths of a ... per hour, or 3,359,9 miles continuously in one year.

TWO MEALS A DAY

In nearly every case of disease, the origin of the mischief is due to a ... or ... in one or other of the ... system. As to the cause of this disease, Dr. J. Stenson-Hooker says in his opinion it is ... to ... He believes that as regards the great majority of us, we should be infinitely healthier if we were to ... only two meals a day, instead of some four or five, as under present methods of living. Either can neither be helped by assimilation and blockage of the system generally—that is, disease in some form or other.

DAMAGING TO THE SIGHT

LOOKING into the fire, particularly ... a coal fire, is very injurious to the eyes. The stimulus of fire and heat united soon destroys the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight. Reading in the twilight is injurious to the eyes, as they are obliged to make great exertions. Reading or sewing with a side light injures the eyes, as both eyes should be exposed to an equal degree of light. The reason ... is ... that ... the eyes is so great that if the pupil of one is dilated by being kept partially in the shade, the one that is exposed can not contract itself sufficiently for protection, and will ultimately be injured.

Music and Drama

Quite frequently the dramatic critic ... "Music ... a dress ... music is used, and for the benefit of the ... musical critic and ... the ... written. In the ancient Greek theatre ... the close of the play, the god ... by a supernatural appearance, solved the ... complicated plot, says Lee Kugel of the Hudson Theatre, New York.

The word machine or machinery was derived ... the Greek ... peculiarity of that period, and when the gods appeared and moved among the heroes of the piece, the ... gave birth to the expression above mentioned. This situation, that ... the ... of the machine, the villain is unmasked and is compelled to make restitution or ... to protest against ... and that he is ... maligned and injured the hero or heroine. Or where the third ... completed ... by the ... of the machine or the ... scene peculiarity found in the ancient theatre, the different ... were ... controlled ... by which the machine consisted of. Some have said that there were ... ropes by which the god ... the ... affecting him out onto the stage. Others said that it was a ... crane ... the ... of which the ... gallery around his waist, and by use of ... pulleys ... was sent rapidly through ... air ... to the ... Another theory is that the machine was a chariot or a simple platform resting on ... or wheels, which ... was moved on a ... by ropes, which could be pulled ... again behind the ... proskenion.

As was stated in the cables at the time of the death of the late King Edward, ... the ... on the night of his death, and on the night of the funeral, being deemed sufficient signs of respect. ... Queen Victoria ... writing ... on the subject says that many managers contemplated closing for one week, ... while others ... the curtain ... particular reasons. H. B. Irving, for instance, ... himself ... to ... the ... intention." Louis XI. ... with ... which might have been ... to ... mourning. The last words of the play are: "The King is dead; long live the King!" ... the ... of the ... instructions some of our West End managers ... decided ... only ... the ... of their ... theatres ... for one ... week, ... which ... the ... of the ... funeral. ... Say the Mess. Empires represent one-tenth of the ... wealth ... of the ... and ... you have a decrease in ... to be ... in ... theatres and music halls on the Saturday of ... a ... decided ... to ... on the Friday of the funeral.

According to an English writer, the ... centenary of Lord Saunders' ... which took place on June 8, 1810, was almost unnoticed in London, and although one hundred ... were ... found his name on the ... of the ... of the week of the centenary, it was an exception to ... Germany composer's name, ... Some notable musicians did, however, commemorate the ... anniversary, among them being Mesdames ... Davies, Rhea Gobbi, ... Messrs. ... and the members of the ... Trio.

Lately, so many famous composers of the past, Robert Schumann, ... Chopin, ... comparatively early age, being only ... when a chronic affection of the brain ended fatally. It seems pathetic to ... to ... that it was his ... devotion to his ... wife, Clara Wieck, ... Schumann ... rest ... from ... that ... brought about his ... removed to the asylum at ... Bonn, ... where he expired in July, 1856. But musicians, professional and amateur, who appreciate the deep spirit and poetical romanticism of Schumann's works, can realize how the whole nature of the man was wrapped up in his ...

London critics hail Thomas Beecham's ... personal production of Massenet's "Werther" at His Majesty's Theatre, as the revival of a work that has never ... with its deserts in their city. A ... interesting ... is ... from ... the late Sutherland Edward's ... Personal Recollections." ... illustrates the apathetic attitude of the English public towards this Massenet opera ... that ... was ... produced at Covent ... Garden. During one of Augustus ... its seasons, Jean de Reszke was ... to ... the ... part in "Werther." Harris thought the English would have ... for the week; the great Polish tenor, was ... to ... the ... the manager gave in and produced it.

The result was what the impresario had predicted. At the end of the performance ... Augustus said to De Reszke: "Well, you have had your way. 'Werther' has been played, and for the present season this one representation will be ... Reszke ... to oblige ... but ... season, he consented to give a second. ... On the afternoon of the appointed day to the ... Harris was grieved to find that the seats were not selling, and that there would probably be a very meagre ... in the ... house. Suddenly a letter arrived from De Reszke containing a request for a couple of stalls. "If there were any ... left," "Come in here," said Sir Augustus to the messenger, as he took him ... the box office, "and tell the ... official there in charge: "Give me eight stalls, twenty boxes and one hundred amphitheatre stalls. Make them up in a parcel please," and, handing the parcel to the messenger, he ... ed him to say that if M. de Reszke wanted twice as many tickets he could have them. That ... kept ... he received a telegram, informing him that the tenor was ill and would be unable to sing that night. ... a ... of

-The-
Raymond Rustler

Published every Friday morning at Raymond

Subscription $1.50 per year payable in advance.

Advertising rates on application.

Established 1902. Name changed from The Raymond Chronicle" to "The Raymond Rustler" Oct. 1907.

Members of the Western Canada, Alberta and Eastern British Columbia Press Associations.

All official advertisements, such as By-Laws, Mortgage and Sheriff Sales, Assignments, and Government and Corporation Notices, and all legal notices inserted once for 10c. per line, subsequent insertions 5c. per line.

All orders for discontinuing contract advertising must be handed in in writing to the office.

W. S. BERRYESSA
Editor and Publisher

Friday, September 16th, 1910

The merchants of a town should combine to keep every foreign ad out of their home paper by buying all the space the editor has to spare and utilize it for their own good.

This would place the editor under obligations to them and he could freely and conscienciously blow the trumpet in their interest only.

Did you ever think what your ad in the newspaper is doing for you? When you close your store in the evening and go to your family and fireside. not thinking of your business at all, then it is that the paper is being pored over in hundreds of homes — homes from which your trade is drawn. And there is your ad doing its work silently, but surely, and if you have taken the pains to make it attractive its work will be all the more.

This is repeated over and over again, and is no doubt what inspired some reader to call newspaper advertising a "silent drummer"

Yet Freedom, yet thy banner, torn but flying,
Streams like the thunderstorm against the wind;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind.
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts,— and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;
So shall a better spring lest bitter fruit bring forth.
—BYRON

One of the greatest convention events evee held in the western country is now being arranged. In connection with the annual Convention of the Alberta Sunday School Association in Calgary. there will be a whole week of meetings there.

The Methodist Young People's Rally, The Presbyterian Young People's Societies, and the Baptist Young People's Union will hold their Conventions simultaneously in their respective churches, opening on Monday evening Oct. 31. Strong programs are being arranged.

The Provincial Sunday School Convention, Nov. 1st to the 4th will be a great event, Prof. L. L. Henry of Chicago, who is so well known in Alberta since the Mid Summer Tour, will have charge of a large adult choir.

Some of the speakers now secured are Mrs Hary Foster Bryner, Chicago, "The International Elementary Queen;" Rev. I. W. Williamson, Sec'y for British Columbia: Rev. J. A. Doyle; a strong delegation provided by the Canadian Council of the Laymen's Missionary Movement and a host of others.

Special Railroad rates on all railroads and special entertainment in Calgary is being arranged. A large delegation is expected. Write H. A. Kenny, Calgary for full particulars.

After reading Henry James, the phychologist on "The Question of our Speech," a lady tells her experience in bringing about an improvement in the voice production of her family. She quietly listened for some time to the sounds produced by her children at play and realized that the sounds really did resemble those made by the "squealing and barking and grunting of animals," as stated by Henry James

Her first attention was directed to the training of her own tones and she watched every word that fell from her lips. She began by replacing all the mean nasal flat "as" with rich soft, broad "as" and was very careful about her "r's". When raising the voice the least bit to call or speak louder, she sang and taught the children to sing their conversation. She said it was a wonder-working scheme; It softened the voice and gave it a sweet, bell-like tone The ordinary speaking voice became musical and the thin, flat nasal twang was gone. The little voices became rounded and filled with an exquisite tone of culture and refinement; The words became clear-cut and clean. There was beauty in every utterance, and with the broad "a's" and the neat "r's" their speech was at least some what near my ideal.

Grain Growers Guide.

GEO. ROTH
TAILOR SHOP.

Broadway Ave
Raymond
Room 6
Security Block
Is the place to get your cleaning, Pressing & Repairing done
Suits made Quickly and at Reasonable Prices.
GIVE US A CALL

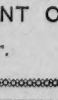
Read this Space For Attractions at Opera House

Raymond Opera House
COMING ATTRACTIONS

TO NIGHT
Harold Nelson

Town Property,
Farm Lands,
Beet Lots,
Cash or Terms to Suit the Purchaser.
Money to Loan
Life and Fire Insurance

SECURITY INVESTMENT CO.
Geo. H. Budd, Mgr.



When you want an A I wagon, come and see our line.
We have the Weber and Modern wagons.
We do Fine Repairing and Horse Shoeing.

Progress Blacksmith
and Mfg. Company
Successors to, Hawkins & Johnson

UNION BANK
OF CANADA

Capital, Rest and Undivided Profits $5,444,700.
Total Assets Over $44,000,000.

Money is Power

to help yourself and others. But it's only the money you save—not the money that slips through your fingers.

You will find a savings Account a great help in accumulating this power. Why not start one now, in this Bank?

Interest compounded at highest current rates. Money may be withdrawn at any time.

Stirling Branch . . A. H. Roah, Mananger

School Supplies

For the Kindergarden, for the High School for all Grades. We endeavour to handle the needed supplies such as: Stationery, Pencils, Pens, Rulers, Tablets, and Books.

MCDUFEE BROS. - DRUGGISTS

Now is the time, and this is the place to buy Fruit for preserving, for which I am offering a prize.

G. W. Rouse

Raymond Meat Market

DEALERS IN FRESH AND CURED MEATS
FRESH FISH EVERY THURSDAY

Piepgrass & Neilson

Rustler Ads. Pay

Dandruff Germs Must Go.

In Canada the dandruff germs must go. The war of extermination has been declared. The battle has begun, and already thousands of intelligent Canadians have permanently rid themselve of this filthiness.

To-day it is no more necessary for a man to have dandruff in his hair than to have tartar on his teeth,

Dandruff can never be cured until the small, aggravating and indomitable dandruff germ is conquered and destroyed.

And Millions of dandruff germs have been destroyed, thanks to the great scientist and dermatologist who gave to the world Parisian Sage, the only real dandruff cure and hair grower the world has ever known,

If you have dandruff, Parasian Sage will cure you in two weeks.

But besides ridding the scalp of dandruff, Parisian Sage is guaranteed to stop falling hair and itching of the scalp. It is not a dye It is a prime favorite with women of refinement. It makes the hair soft, lustrous and beautiful, and is not sticky or greasy.

A large bottle for 50 cents at McDuffee Bros. Drug Store or charges prepaid, from the Canadian makers, Giroux Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont.

No Room for Disappointment

Have you expended considerable money and energy to make a dwelling attractive to lodgers and boarders and then been disappointed in your patronage.

There will be no room for disappointment if you use our Want Ads. They will bring you lodgers and boarders of a desirable class.

The Supreme Court of Alberta

Sittings of the Supreme Court of Alberta, en banc and for the trial of Cases, Civil and Criminal, and for the hearing of motions and other civil businesses, will be held at the following times and places. When the date set for the opening of a Court or Sitting is a holiday, such Court or Sitting shall be commenced on the day following such holiday.

Sittings of the Supreme Court en banc:

Edmonton: Third Tuesday in September and March,

Calgary: First Tuesday in December and June.

For Trial of Civil Non-Jury Cases:

Edmonton and Calgary:

First Tuesday each in October November, February, March, April and May, and third Tuesday in June.

For Trial of Criminal and Civil Jury Causes:

Edmonton and Calgary:

Third Tuesday in October, February and May,

For Trial of all Civil and Criminal Causes:

Wetaskiwin: First Tuesday in October and April.

Red Deer: Second Tuesday in November and May.

Medicine Hat: Second Tuesday October and April,

Macleod: Fourth Tuesday in November and May,

Lethbridge: Fourth Tuesday in October and April.

Dated at Edmonton, Alberta, this second day of August, 1910

A. Y. Blain,
Acting Deputy Attorney General.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATION.

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over eighteen years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitba, Alberta and Saskatchewan. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion land agency or sub agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency on certain conditions by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre empt a quarter section along side his homestead. Price $300 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from the date of homestead entry including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homstead in certain districts. Price $3 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of 3 years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

Coal—Coal mining rights may be leased for a period of 21 years renewal at an annual rental of $1 per acre not more than 2,560 acres shall be leased to one idividual or company. A royalty at the rate of five cents per ton shall be collected on the merchantable coal mined.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this ad. will not be paid

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon on Friday, the 16th September for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years twelve times per week each way between Raymond Post Office and Railway Station from the 1st January next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Raymond and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

D. A. Bruce
Post Office Inspector.
Calgary, Aug. 5 1910

THE NEW VISIBLE MODELS OF THE

Remington Typewriter

ARE

FIRST IN QUALITY
because of
our experience and resource, and

FIRST IN SALES
because of the buyer's experience and satisfaction

The sale of these new Remington Models has surpassed all records since the invention of the writing machine.

Remington Typewriter Company
Herald Block, Calgary
706 Centre Street,

TO OUR READERS!

By special arrangement we offer you a great opportunity to read

"Chantecler"

EDMOND ROSTAND'S wonderful "Chantecler" is the dramatic sensation of the world. In it Rostand proves himself to be one of the greatest dramatists of all times. "Chantecler" is not only the greatest play of the century,—it is the one great play of the last hundred years. It is an exquisite story, palpitating with human sympathy and interest. It warms the blood—stirs the emotions—arouses every commendable sentiment. "Chantecler" sparkles with wit—counsels with wise philosophy—entertains with fascinating idiom—while the tones of the hour bell of today, and today's problems, are heard through the medium of "Chantecler's" deliciously up-to-date slang. No language contains sufficient superlatives to describe it. Only reading and study will enable you to appreciate it. It has aroused all France—London has gone mad over it.

The Only English Translation

Rostand has chosen HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE as the medium through which to present "Chantecler" to the English-reading world. The publication will be in four instalments, one act to each instalment, beginning in the June number. The translator is the same who helped to make "Cyrano de Bergerac" so fascinating to American booklovers.

We have made special arrangements with the publishers of HAMPTON'S by which our readers may get "Chantecler" and the many other fine features published in HAMPTON'S in connection with our own paper, practically without cost. Read our offer below.

OTHER EXPENSIVE FEATURES

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE every month contains the most costly, most important, and most interesting contents ever put between the covers of a general magazine. "Peary's Own Story" of the discovery of the North Pole, a $50,000 feature, is now in its most interesting stage, giving the positive "proofs" that Commander Peary and no other man discovered the North Pole. "The True History of the Southern Pacific Railroad" by Charles Edward Russell is one of the greatest magazine serials ever published. Mrs. Rheta Childe Dorr's articles on the "Power of the Women's Clubs" are without an equal in their appeal to women everywhere. Fiction contributors include the foremost story-tellers of the world: Arthur Stringer has a new series called "The Adventures of an Insomniac;" James B. Connolly describes in several stories his Trip Around the World with the American Fleet; Frederick Palmer is contributing a series of airship stories of which Danbury Rodd is the central character. The only new idea in detective fiction since Sherlock Holmes is provided in the second series of stories about Luther Trant, the psychological detective, written by Edwin Balmer and William G. MacHarg. Other Short Stories are by such favorites as O. Henry, Gouverneur Morris, Charles Belmont Davis, Rupert Hughes, Josephine Daskam Bacon, Harris Merton Lyon and many others.

Special Offer to Readers of This Paper

By special arrangement with HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE, we are able to make the following remarkable offer to our readers. The publishers of HAMPTON'S advise us that the demand for "Chantecler" is tremendous. We therefore advise you to order on the attached coupon now. The only sure way of getting all of "Chantecler" is to send today.

CLIP THIS COUPON NOW

Publisher, Rustler, Raymond, Alberta.

Enclosed $2.00 for which send the Rustler and Hampton's Magazine for one year, in accordance with your special offer,

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Raymond Rustler	$1.50
Hamptons Magazine	$2.00
Regular Price	$3.50
Both for only	**$2.00**

Fill out the coupon and mail at ONCE,

Professional Cards.

Mrs. J. J. Baker

Teacher of Piano, Voice and Theory.

Dr. J. Elmer Ames
Dentist

D.D.S. University of Toronto
L.D.S. Royal College Dental Surgeons of Ontario
Graduate of Dominion Dental Council of Canada.

Office Broadway and 2nd north. Hours 9 to 12, 1 to 5. Evening hours by appointment only.

RAYMOND, - ALTA.

Dr. Wray

Physician, Surgeon, Accoucheur.
Office, Security Block, Room 9.
Phone 46 - - Day and Night.

D. A. TAYLOR, M. D., C.M.
Specialist,
Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat.
Stafford Block, Lethbridge,
Office hours; 9.30 - 12, A.M.
2 - 5 P.M.
7 - 8 P.M.

Geo. H. Budd
Notary Public and Legal Work
PROGRESS ISSUED
REAL-ESTATE
Fire and Life Insurance
LOANS MONEY

W. LAURIE
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
Solicitor for the Town of Raymond
Will be in Raymond, first Friday of each month.
Office: Raymond Hotel.

T. S. FETTERLY
Funeral Director and Embalmer
The most up-to-date Parlors in the City of Lethbridge
Black and White Hearses
Phone 561 P. O. 1893

Wm. Paris
Tinsmith and Plumber
RAYMOND - ALBERTA

Raymond Opera House Orchestra
—Six Pieces—
Uriel O'Brien, Conductor.
Geo. E. Court, Manager.

CHURCH SERVICES

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints

Sunday Services:
Sunday School at 10 a.m.
Afternoon Service at 2 p.m.
Evening Service at 7:30 p.m.
All are welcome

JOHN F. ANDERSON, Bishop

Presbyterian Church

Sunday Services:
Raymond 7:30 p.m.
Sunday School 3 p.m.
Wednesday Eve. Lecture 8 p.m.
Magrath 2 p.m.
All are welcome to these services
W[illegible]

We Make A Specialty of Job Work

The Rustler

The Valley of Paradise

(By Grace Keon)

THE sunset flamed behind the man and the girl, and the valley lay in the golden light seemed to envelop them in the very atmosphere of romance. As the man looked down upon the girl's head, which was impringed in her lover's breast, he felt that he could never be content to live in any other surroundings than these. The girl looked up at him with laughter in her soft brown eyes, a smile on her parted lips and the hand which was impringed in her lover's trembled a little with sheer pleasure—in the scene, in their solitude, in the busy rascal of a bird so close to them (a bird that should have flown home and in bed an hour since), hopping up and down and declaiming violently. She waited until the low tones of the man had resolved itself into a few scattered notes, then ceased altogether.

"Darling, you're tired," she whispered. "I want to say it as a child says it, John, over and over and over again! I want to dance with joy and sing and call out the way the forest creatures do, for very joy of life and love! To be a child with you!"

John Longue, the prosaic, matter-of-fact, principle-y

"I'm afraid there's a deep vein of sentimentality that rarely comes to the surface in you, Nell," he said, smiling down at her.

"Let me have it my every-day common sense, John, out where we live anything else wouldn't do." She looked hopefully up at him, then drew wrinkling. "And you!" she said. "Is there no large, deep feeling to be stirred at that has not responded to the glorious western sky, or this?" with a sweep of her arm toward the valley lower down. "Nor valley."

He hesitated, and it seemed as if a slight cloud rose to the dear brown cheeks. He looked at the golden splendor in the west, at the dimpling brooding earth beneath them and then into her face, pale, pure, with its sensitive lips and delicate beauty.

"Under me," he said, and the quiver in his voice matched her own. "For I have been a lot at home with myself at the world grows new for such as we, wondering if this is the first sun that has ever shone upon it, if this is the close of the first magnificent day, and we the first man and woman, unspoiled, fresh from the Maker's hand, gazing down on the Vision unveiled!"

She said nothing, but the little wistful curve between her brows disappeared, and the fine line grew from it slow. To her, indeed, the world seemed new, and why not as he had? hoped to have her feelings as to wonder—and now he had spoken of her and they were to unite in union. The fairy house of life would climb them before long, he affirmed to her own and she trusted would occupy their days—but this hour was theirs, and she drew a long, deep breath, staring silently ahead, beside him, as the golden glow took a deeper tinge, and they on the heights looked [illegible] and the wood-ed side to placid lake, from cool stretch-es of green to the west where the sun's splendor dulls. There were red and contentment.

"We will go away," he said musingly, [illegible] task, and we will bruise ourselves on the noisy highways, and that foot will grow weary [illegible] But here is peace—in which the hopes of both might find fulfilment."

"Peace is not always best," she answered briefly, "[illegible] to be won."

Tall, strong-armed, with clear gray eyes under fairly overbrow, he stood before her, and as she looked up into eyes to meet his silent, a thrill of pride shot through her frame. No dreamer he—his words, his attitude, his [illegible] door of deeds rather—a man as he stood above her and bent his head toward her.

"Are you afraid, Nell?" he asked. "I buckle on to me in it, Nell for you are to-day, my guerdon, my valley of peace. Is there anything in it to daunt you, the drawbacks of it in your girl's eyes, the contentment of it in your heart?" He paused, and looked. Then he continued: "A guerdon to be won. And I shall win it—I swear the silence grew [illegible] strength for her answer.

"You know I will, oh, you know it will, [illegible]

"I am ready now," she said, obstacle in the way, none in mind, none in your [illegible]

"Hush!" she said, suddenly. "Not here, not here! Let us take leave of our valley—I can't bear to spoil it. One word of [illegible] irrelevant to the existence that you and I must face when we leave it—would mar this perfect day. Let us go, seek our own world, John, and leave this true world of ours behind."

The violet haze in the valley was deepening to purple, the golden sun was a pale yellow behind the [illegible] clouds, the shadows were darker, the little lake a mellower blue. Yet it seemed to smile up at them in the very confidence of a trusting friend as they turned away from this royal spot where Nature at her loveliest had drawn them close to God.

And as she had [illegible] would, every step away from it the feeling of every day creep back upon them; the spell dissolve, the [illegible] world of deeds would be [illegible] the fresh young blood in their veins to action. John Douglas, the determined, said no word, and the stern resolve which the quiet valley had stolen from his countenance [illegible] crept in degrees into the set of his head, breathing quickly.

"Come," she said. "It is behind us, John—and what lies on your face has been unspoken all this day. What is it dear?"

"The same old thing, Nell. Forgive me if I have no other [illegible] to tell."

"Please, John!"

"Nell, [illegible] make you understand, [illegible]

"Will you let me try to tell you how I feel about it?"

"Is your mother's [illegible] John?" she asked, [illegible] Nell, how to overcome that true prejudice, that strong will, [illegible] also [illegible] and [illegible] afraid that's true, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

In Search of Private Esteem

(By Richard Fiegull)

WHAT!'' I exclaimed, completely upset at the porter's announcement. ''Do you really mean to say this is Palmyra?''

''Sho' is, boss.''

I was twenty hours out from New York, on my way across the continent, and I had not even known I was in Annie's state.

''But you's gwine to stay all night wid me,'' continued the porter, hospitably, as he saw me jump to my feet. ''We ain't got to de Mussuseppy yet, suh; an' if de snow blizzard keeps up, we ain't never gwine to arrive 'less dey hitch us on a snow-plow.''

It was snowing like all out-doors; but balmy springtime had filled my heart.

''You wants me to fix up yo' berth, suh, while you's out in de dinin' car gittin' supper?''

''No,'' I decided. ''Help me with my things. I'm going to get off here at Palmyra.''

''You'll lose your ticket, boss,'' the black man objected. ''Tain't got nair stop-over on it, an—''

''Don't care if I do! Hide this bill on your hospitable person, and brush me off—''

The porter glowed like fresh chocolate. I had given him five dollars at the snore thought of seeing Annie once more. It is a wonder I had not given him twenty. All of a sudden I was become home-sick, heart-sick, love-hungry. Public esteem was not enough. I struck out through the snow in search of a little private affection.

''Won't she be glad to see me!'' I reasoned. ''Dear little soul—'' And stroking my beard to shake off the snow-flakes, I buttoned it up in my ulster for Annie. She had not seen me for twenty years; she never had seen my big, blond beard. But a bit of uneasiness came over me as I went up the parsonage walk in the dark.

''Shall I call her just plain, simple Annie,'' I wondered, ''or Mrs. Mrs. ——? To save my life I couldn't recall the name of the man she had married. He was a preacher—I remembered that. And I knew where his church was, his parsonage, and what denomination he belonged to; but his name—I never could remember names and dates. That was why Annie always stood head in everything except rhetoric. At the same time I was conscious of having, in a way, deliberately forgotten the name of this gentleman, who had been mean to marry my first love.

''Why couldn't he have picked out some other wife?'' I asked a snow-covered rosebush. I think it was a rosebush. It certainly had stickers, and it reached out and scratched by the tail of my Pyrenese ulster. A French man who admired one of my books had brought me it out from Paris—and hugged me when it happened to fit. You see, I had done something more than personally forget my greatness as I tugged with Annie's rose-bush. I had unwittingly kidnaped one of the four blessed years I had spent in Palmyra, attending the co-educational college.

Annie had stood first in everything except rhetoric. But when it came to rhetoric—including all the branches in pretty words, nothing I Palmyra could cope with me. I was a rhetorical prodigy. At seven years on a metropolitan newspaper to get over standing head in rhetoric. But the way Annie used to look at me when my name went up first in the sweet class! ''Oh, Henry!'' she'd whisper.

We sat together, Annie and I, for four long years in a four-foot desk. That was the kind of institution the Palmyra boasted of; that was the kind of college that made me rhetorical. The desks were new. You will have to be parted it with accuracy, plastered it down, and then went to take your seat beside your girl. That was Annie—and the way she used to look at me!

Annie's eyes were as soft as pansies. They were eyes with slow-moving lids. They rose and set, not like eyes, but like two big, black moons. They were orbs. I used to feel them in my back, as if they had been the stove. When I looked straight into them, I could see all the way to—well, as I told her on one day, I'll tell you: I could see all the way to the throne of God.

Love and religion are the same thing. At any rate, Annie's eyes showed me Heaven. I told her about it on one day, while the clock ticked behind the desk-top. Annie caught her breath, looked startled, grew radiant—had then a light I was never seen since bashed from her eyes. Do you know what I mean? Then Annie cried at the end of the desk-top, and I held her hand.

''That was twenty years ago,'' I told the rose-bush. But don't think I took me a hatchet to get my coat-tail off a rose-bush. In fact, I'm not sure the thing was a rosebush. It might have been a stub, wrapped with barber-wire, such as I kicked to a decline on leaving the parsonage walk in the dark. Anyway, I chose to associate rose-bushes with Annie. Whatever the thing was, it stuck like forty through a pair of English buckskin gloves, and formed a close attachment for my swell French overcoat—which, according to the donor, was exactly the same size and quality as that worn by Edmond Rostand.

Finally I got free and went up on Annie's porch, cold, hungry, and scratched, but sentimental to the last.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE
NUMBER 23 THE PROPRIETORS

The metropolitan newspaper may have cured me of rhetoric, but I'll never get over black eyes. I shook the snow off my ulster and out of my beard, stroking the latter a few times for Annie. Then I knocked softly.

If I had only rung the door-bell instead of knocking in a reverend way, Annie would not have made her colossal blunder. But I didn't see the door-bell. And my inadvertent finger-tipping only proves again the oneness of love and religion.

She opened the door. I knew my old love instantly, though it was almost as dark in the hall as it was on the porch. And she, to my surprise, recognized me.

''You are late, Henry!'' she exclaimed. ''And the chicken is burning. Here, take the baby into the study, and don't let him swallow anything!'' Whereupon she held out a large bundle that I disgussed as a baby boy.

Now, I ought not to have taken the baby, I know. But I was so bewildered I'd have taken anything. I even took a kiss Annie hurriedly gave me there in the dark—though I am afraid there isn't a woman in the land who'll ever forgive my accepting a kiss that was meant for a preacher. But I thought Annie's parson might spare me just one. So clasping the reverend baby, I made for an open door that led to the study. Annie hied back to the kitchen, from which there came an aroma of roast fowl that did not smell burned to me.

A smoldering fire furnished all the light, but one in this dim glow I beheld what every author looks for on entering a friend's study—I saw myself smiled a copy of my latest book that adorned Annie's work-table. You won't understand unless you are a writer, how my book and Annie's baby struck me as being related. They were brothers, I thought—foster brothers, at any rate. And I reached out and brought my book over to the big easy chair in which I had sat myself down—baby ulster, hat, and all. Then, stretching my legs out before the fire, I indulged in a bachelor reverie:

''Lord,'' I mused, ''why isn't this me?'' Of course it was me (or rather I, as rhetorical days would have it). But I wondered why I wasn't a preacher, Annie's husband, and the daddy of the bundle that now proceeded to go home through my pockets, coo, kick, and do other things such as babies delight in and mothers will guess. ''Yes, why isn't this me?'' I went on. ''Why couldn't I have been both the father of a book and the daddy of this baby boy? Why couldn't I have been an illustrious writer and the loving husband of my Annie?''

It occurred to me that I should make book and baby acquainted with each other. So I opened the former, adjusted the latter, and recited from memory a choice passage selected to flatter's mind—for my books contain all sorts of flatteries. The baby listened with attention, then, emitting a joyful sound, it pushed with both feet, caught in both hands a leaf of the book, and tore it out before my eyes. Then it cooed.

''You little scrub!'' I hissed, rescuing my intellectual child. ''You enbryonic vandal—'' and I noted that Annie's baby didn't look like its mother. It was a pig-eyed, heavy-jowled, coarse kind of baby, such as could never come to any good end. It seemed to have a thieving propensity. It had now retarded a ten-cent book with even greater diligence than before I had read from my book. But suddenly it lay back quiescent like a squirrel that had found an acorn. And I saw two fists trying to get into a mouth at the same time.

''It's trying to swallow its tail and disappear, like that mythical serpent of India,'' I reasoned. But, disregarding Annie's injunction about not letting her offspring swallow anything. So I began to work on the fists. They were shut like vises. If I let one go, the other flew mouthward. And two feet curled up for somewhere to add to my confusion. I couldn't tell a foot from a fist in the dim light. And all four—fists and feet—seemed bent on getting into one mouth. Finally, I succeeded in prying open a genuine fist, and found a ten-cent piece that once was mine:

''Pickpocket!'' I breathed.

But when I got into the other fist, I shivered. The baby had a wax match! I knew wax matches were deadly poison. I knew that they would kill me on my lap if it swallowed a wax match. I felt cold in spite of my ulster. I pried open a little beg and then another, and her of fingers to see if there wasn't a match-head hidden away. Then I thought of watch-chains. No baby born of woman could swallow a whole watch-chain, if the watch held fast to the other end! So, to lure its voracity away from matches and dimes, I reached past the baby and pulled out my watch-and-chain, and presented them to baby, saying:

''There, take that, you vicious little glutton!'' And I must have spoken with feeling. Annie heard my voice, and called out from the kitchen:

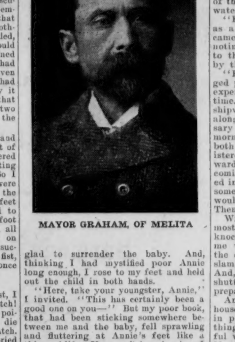
''Have you caught cold, Henry? You talk as if you were hoarse——''

''I can hardly speak,'' I replied indistinctly. Then I thought it was all up with me. Annie left the kitchen, and came to the study-door.

''Henry,'' she asked, with due solemnity, ''hadn't I better warm you a little of that brandy?''

I managed to get through this crisis with a lot of mumbling and head-shaking, and without turning in my chair. Annie's husband was evidently morose. But I stored up in my writer's brain for future use the fact that preachers took their liquor warm. Annie skipped back to the kitchen; and I heard her roll the cook something about physical exposure and intellectual lives.

Meanwhile the baby had found my whiskers. Not that he surrendered his claim on my watch. But a baby, as I have pointed out, has two hands—to say nothing of its two feet, which are also prehensile. And this baby had mastered the art of whisker-pulling. I concluded the pain had just such a beard as mine, or had had before his son tho-



MAYOR GRAHAM, OF MELITA

roughly developed it.

glad to surrender the baby. And, thinking I had mystified poor Annie long enough, I rose to my feet and held out the child in both hands.

''Here, take your youngster, Annie,'' I invited. ''This has certainly been a good one on you——'' But my poor book, that had been sticking somewhere between me and the baby, fell sprawling and flattened out. Annie's feet like a thing of life. You can't imagine how I loved my booted Annie, however, did not hesitate. She stepped over my prostrate intellectual child, seized her angel boy, clasped it in her arms, and with a savage look at me, fled to the kitchen. I heard the bolts.

''Now that you have warmed yourself, my good man, and renewed your vigor,'' continued the reverend gentleman, cunningly, ''you will retire, I trust, with the blessing of the Lord——''

''How about a little chicken?'' I asked. I didn't like being called my good man by Annie's husband.

''This is not a carnavansary, friend,'' he gently informed me. ''You are in a minister's home—a minister of the gospel!''

''But I smell chicken just the same,'' I protested, wishing to torture him as long as possible. I saw him struggle with himself. And he achieved a notable victory.

''Here,'' he resumed, ''take this coin, friend, and depart in peace!'' He held out something I think was a quarter. But his look and gesture convulsed me again, and to keep my sides from aching I dropped into his easy chair. When I looked up, I saw him at the door of Annie's husband that I had carried the joke too far. Rising to my feet, I said:

''My dear sir, I don't blame you a particle for thinking I'm crazy, but I'm not, I assure you. I'm one of Annie's old friends. I hadn't seen her for twenty years, and I stopped over at Palmyra to catch a glimpse of her. I'm Henry Phipps, the novelist. Please be so good as to tell your wife who I am. She'll be awfully glad to see me; she didn't recognize me just now. And——''

At this point Annie, who had been listening from the kitchen, replied,

''He's a story! He got Henry Phipps' name out of the book there on the floor. Henry Phipps is a foot taller than that creature, and his eyes are not that cold, glittering gray——

''But, really, Annie,'' I pleaded, ''you know me, don't you? Don't you remember how we sat together four years in here at the college? What a good time we used to have?'' I spoke hurriedly. The preacher scowled, and Annie must have felt the noble flower clear through the kitchen-door. She sang out:

''He's a black story! Don't believe him! He wants to rob us! Put him out of the house! I have a kettle of boiling water here, if that will do any good,''

''Boiling water—Annie,'' I gasped, as a full meaning of my predicament came over me. And the alert minister, noting my confusion, and attributing it to the fear of boiling water, took me by the arm.

''Be quiet, my poor friend,'' he begged perfidiously. ''You have doubtless experienced great misfortune in your time. But there is no need to alarm this shipwrecked mariner. There are lights along the shore. Retire to the caravansary for tonight and early tomorrow morning I will see to it that your needs, both physical and spiritual, are ministered to.'' He was leading me toward the front door, which since his coming had remained open. I followed in a kind of daze, trying to think of some episode of my early life that would convince Annie of my identity. Then came treachery.

Without warning I received a violent, most ministerial shove, which sent me knocked me off my feet and did send me whirling over the porch out into the cold, snowy night. Then the door slammed, locks clicked, bolts grated. And, to cap the climax, I heard them shutting the window-blinds. They were preparing for an attack.

And if ever I felt like storming a house! I pranced about the yard, and in prancing my foot caught on something and down I went in the beautiful white snow of Annie's front yard. Now, it's queer, but you always like to know what hits you. I remember getting up in the snow, and carefully feeling about in the dark for the thing that had tripped me. Not that I was in a rage; but I bottled up my wrath till I could find out what sort of an engine I had to wreak it on.

I found a piece of barbed-wire, pulled, and established the fact that said barbed-wire was connected with a stake that had been driven into the ground, for no other purpose than that of tripping me. I demolished the stub even before I realized it might have been the same dumb thing that had caught my sister when I came in. Perhaps you don't get mad with inanimate matter; I do. I stamped upon that stub, ripped it, ground it under my heel, and then snorted out of Annie's yard, with just sense enough left to know that if I stayed there I'd smash in the front door and strangle a baby. I didn't want to think what I'd do to the preacher.

Meanwhile it snowed yet, and the wind had got down to work. I went through drifts like a snow-plow, my long beard fluttering in the night, my hat stuck tight on the back of my head. And my unbuttoned ulster came on behind, like the picture of a ghost. In stinct took me to the station. I found a train of drawing-room cars lying snow-capped, without a tremor of life. But I heard a sweet voice say:

''If dar ain't my white gent!''

His welcome moved me deeply. He knew me, this precious porter of mine! He remembered how tall I was and what kind of eyes I had! I locked up thankfully into his kind, black face. He still glowed like fresh chocolate; my five dollars was in his heart. I'm not sure he didn't call me honey.

I know he said: ''Bless yo' heart,'' and expressed affection for me in other ways—pulled me into the car, brushed the snow off my coat, felt my hands, led me to the dining-car, whispered some words of magic to the functionaries of that warm, well-lighted place, and when I had renewed my vigor he led me back to my berth, smoothed down the pillow, put me to bed, tucked the cover about me, drew the curtains, and did everything else except make me say my prayers. And I thought as I went to sleep:

''The welcome you buy may be as free as your painted feather, but it's mighty cheering when your old love's husband puts you out of the house and her baby steals your watch.''

TALK No. 1
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
Does not contain Alum
Canada will some day stop by legislation the use of alum in baking powder. Alum powders injure digestion. Great Britain already prohibits alum in foods.
IS THE WHITEST LIGHTEST
I.L.B. MAGIC BAKING POWDER
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM
Made in Canada
MAGIC is better than any food law requires.
MAGIC insures healthful, wholesome food. Brings success to you in baking light, flaky biscuits, cake and pastry.
NO ALUM
MAGIC is a medium priced baking powder and the only well-known one made in Canada that does NOT contain alum.
Full Pound Cans, 25c.
Be sure of purity—insist on MAGIC
E. W. Gillett Co. Ltd. Toronto, Ont.
No. 260 FREE COOK BOOK If you have not received a copy of Magic Cook Book, send name and address on postal card and this valuable little book will be mailed free of charge.

MELITA AS A SUMMER RESORT

How River Park came into being can be told in a few sentences. While the advisability of securing the beautiful elm grove of Jno. A. Ross on Souris River, had long been mooted, it was not till recently that any practical steps had been taken towards its attainment. That south-western Manitoba enjoys today such splendid park and playground facilities is due to the public spirit of the people as a whole of the progressive town of Melita.

One of the foremost spirits in this movement was the present mayor, R. M. Graham, who first urged the Agricultural Society to acquire these grounds and establish a district fair on more extended lines. And, failing in this, he took the project up in the town council, which body, consisting of R. S. Wyatt, Dr. Wm. Leslie, Wm. Griffith and C. P. Holden, unanimously decided to submit the proposition to acquire 40 acres, including the grove, as park and recreation grounds, to a popular vote of the people. Just previous to polling day a big Orange picnic was held in the grove, which, though in its crude condition and difficult of access, yet its shaded beauty impressed all visitors with the advantage of these grounds for such gatherings; the result being that the bylaw carried by a sweeping majority. Since acquiring the premises, large improvements have been made by the town. These include grading a new avenue, lined with trees, leading to the grounds; a combination traffic and foot bridge across the river; pavilion, band stand, and summer kitchen; and belt driveway around the shady park. River Park has also a choice regulation horse track and fine ball grounds, which, with boating on the river, places it in the front ranks of pleasure grounds in Canada.

It is an ideal spot for a summer outing for church and Sunday school gatherings, fraternal societies, and other associations. These will be afforded every accommodation possible, and are invited to correspond with the mayor above named, or the secretary, Jas. Robertson, both of Melita, Man.

As a camping ground, possibly no better or more beautiful spot is to be found in Manitoba. The park is within half a mile of the town of Melita, and last year there were at one time no less than twenty-five or thirty campers enjoying the pleasant surrounding. This year it is anticipated that this number of campers will be largely increased, and that we will have visitors from all parts of the province. The park is open to the public, and visitors wishing to camp for a week or a month are made welcome.

A SUMMER IDYL

You may talk about your shacks and living free as mountain air,
Of roughing it near nature's heart away from every care,
Just two weeks and a kitchen where you eat the fish you catch,
Then lazy hours of boating and then another batch.

But who will wash the dishes in the morning?
And who will fill the bucket from the spring?
And is there no hot water for your shaving?
No porter to come running when you ring?

There's a soulful sound in running water (in the pipes) to me;
There's attraction in my bathtub, in the boiler, always free
In yielding to my slightest call its fluid, steaming hot;
I revel home with other men who share my boudman's lot.

And you may wash your dishes in the morning,
And struggle with the bucket from the spring,
And build your fire, and boat, and fish—I'm lazy,
And the luring charms of Home, Sweet Home, I sing.

COULD NOT KEEP THEM IN HIS STOCKING

He thought he saw a chance to make
A million buying stocks,
He bought them on a margin, and
His toes stick through his socks.

OLD CHUM Cigarettes
TEN FOR TEN CENTS

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Capital, Rest and Undivided Profits $5,644,700.
Total Assets Over $44,000,000.

Money is Power

to help yourself and others. But it's only the money you save—not the money you earn—that will help you. You will be surprised how it slips through your fingers.

You will find a savings Account a great help in accumulating this power. Why not start one now, in this Bank? Interest at highest current rates. Money may be withdrawn at any time.

Stirling Branch . . A. H. Roah, Mananger

Want a Partner?

Perhaps business is dragging for the want of a helping hand, or a little more capital. Men with money and men with brains read this paper. You can reach them through our Classified Want Ads.

AUTUMN
1910

First Showing of this Season's Styles in Millinery at
DAVIE'S MILLINERY PARLORS

Ladies are Cordially Invited to Inspect the Original Designs in Tailored and Dress Hats

Remember Raymond's Leading Candy Store is

The Model

Now is the time to buy peaches & plums for preserving.

Watch our window for fresh fruits.

We sell Robertson's Best Chocolates.

Get our prices for next week's fruit for preserving.

Fresh Fruits in Season.

R. A. AMOS, Proprietor

Special Display this week of Men's Sweater Coats. Prices ranging from $1.50 to $4.00

It will pay you to see our Exhibit at the the Raymond Fair on Sept 19. 20 & 21.

The Ramond Mercantile Co.
Limited.

The M I Ass'n. Will Be At The Fair

Don't forget your money when **YOU** come there for now is the time to buy your Fall clothing, and you should buy it from us because our quality is above and our prices be low anything in the West.

Don't fail to come and see our bargains:

Albatross shirt waist	=different shades=	$1.50
Black lawn waists		$1.
Dressing sacks	75c to	$2.
Pretty kimonas	$1 to	2.50
Gingham School dress	=different colors	50c to 1.50
Pretty Brilliantine dresses		3.50 to $5
Boy's waists with linen collars		75c

And many other useful articles.

And what will you have for lunch?

We can serve you.

Come in hungry and you will go out Full and Satisfied.

CHILDREN: don't forget the fishpond.

Y. M. & Y. L. M. I. Associations.

We have from 12 to 15 Gents suits which will go at 20 per. cent off.

Bargains in Boots and Shoes and In Dress Goods

Agents for Massey Harris Farm Machinery.

The O'Brien Nalder Co.
The Corner Store Phone 13